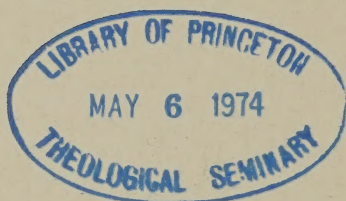


"Lord, I Believe"



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"LORD, I BELIEVE"

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ROBERT G. LEE



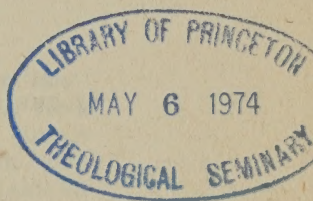
# "LORD, I BELIEVE"

BY

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**BROADMAN PRESS**  
**NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE**

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"LORD, I BELIEVE"  
PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA  
1000-6-44-3



To

MY WIFE

BULA GENTRY LEE

WHOSE LOVING AND UNSELFISH COMPANIONSHIP HAS BEEN TO ME A HIVE OF SWEETNESS, A FOUNTAIN OF JOY, A LAMP OF LIGHT, A HARP OF MUSIC, AND A GARDEN OF RARE FLOWERS, ENABLING ME TO FACE LIFE'S PERILOUS SITUATIONS WITH STRENGTH AND TO FIGHT LIFE'S BATTLES WITH A BRAVER HEART.

TO HER

THIS VOLUME IS DEDICATED BY THE  
AUTHOR.



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# “LORD, I BELIEVE”

(*Mark 9: 24*)

## I

Just recently I preached a series of sermons on “Marching with Moses.” Many who heard these sermons asked questions—earnest questions some, critical questions some—by letter and by word of mouth. One question came as a result of my dwelling on verses ten and twelve in the seventh chapter of Exodus, which verses declare:

“And Moses and Aaron went in unto Pharaoh, and they did so as the Lord had commanded; and Aaron cast down his rod before Pharaoh and before his servants, and it became a serpent. . . . Now the magicians of Egypt . . . they cast down every man his rod, and they became serpents; but Aaron’s rod swallowed up their rods.”

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And this was the question asked of me: “Do you really *believe* that Aaron’s rod became a serpent and swallowed up the rods of the magicians when, and *if*, their rods became serpents, too?”

My answer—instant, unhesitant, unabashed, unstudied, undoubting—was: “Yes, I believe it.”

And I *do* believe it. Not because the serpent played a conspicuous part in Egyptian mythology and was the emblem of one of their goddesses and was, in particular, the sign of royalty, being the symbol of royal and divine power on the diadem of every Pharaoh, and was therefore the symbol of the Egyptian power, but because I believe—as believe others whose shoe laces I am not worthy to tie or to unloose—that the fundamental postulate of all rational thinking is the fact of God. I accept the fact of an omnipotent, omniscient, omnipresent God—and that makes all miracles credible, makes it so that nothing in the Bible staggers me. I believe—because I accept the fact of God. And I do not believe God is an impotent

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and puzzled bell-hop running up and down the corridors of the house he designed by his omniscience and created by his omnipotence, having lost the key to some of the mystery rooms of his own house. It is impossible for him to be baffled or bothered or chained by the physical elements.

*“You don’t believe the myth about the garden of Eden—do you?”*

Yes, I believe. And as much and as certainly as I believe that there was a garden on the old farm where I worked as a boy in the noonday’s burden and heat; a garden where the honeysuckles, voluntary philanthropists of fragrance, scattered their perfumes on the summer air; a garden where the birds, feathered Beethovens of apple boughs, feathered Homers of hawthorn hedges, feathered Tennysons of twigs, shook silver song from throats all atremble with joy; a garden where the corn had ears and heard not, the potatoes eyes and saw not, the cabbages heads and thought not.

But I resent the insertion of the word

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“myth” in the above question. Though there was *mystery* in that old farm garden, there was nothing *mythical* in or about that garden and the roses of the garden that opened wide their ruby hearts; nothing mythical about the lilies of the garden, lilies which bared their white bosoms all unabashed to the eyes of all; nothing mythical about the garden’s good black earth which gave abundant sustenance to vegetables in abundance and to vines in riotous entanglement; nothing mythical about the blue birds which, like winged flowers dipped in vats of heavenly blue, chirped happily when God annually spread his carpets of green and hung his curtains of green.

When a man, a college student of no mean ability, asked me the question just mentioned and I answered, in substance, as above, he said: “*You* never did see Eden, did you?—*you* never did walk in that garden, did you?”

No. I have never walked in that place which the serpent, subtly, and sin, destructively and blighting, entered long, long



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ago. But God walked there (Gen. 3:8—  
“The Lord God walking in the garden”).

And, for that matter, there are many places I believe in, many places which I know are not mythical, even though I have never seen them and though I have never seen anybody who has seen them. And there are folks, hundreds of them, thousands of them, some living now, some long dead, in whose existence I believe, though mine eyes never beheld them.

I know that Napoleon lived in many places and in Paris, in particular, and then died on lonely St. Helena,—died “a chained Prometheus, a world exultant at his fall!” But I never saw Paris. I have never seen St. Helena. And I never did talk with Napoleon—never did walk with him, never did see him on that barren isle where his life went out as a noonday sun reduced to the flicker of a tallow candle. I must take somebody’s word for all I know about Napoleon. And I am just as wise to believe what the writers of the Bible tell me of the men and the events of far-away ages as I am to be-

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lieve what Victor Hugo and Tom Watson and Parkman and Bancroft and others who preambulate around the pole of veracity tell me of the men and the events of recent years.

And I believe that George Washington lived. But I never looked upon him, never saw his eyes flash, never heard his voice, never walked with him on the lawns of Mt. Vernon, never knelt with him in prayer amid the snows of Valley Forge. Were I to declare that I do not believe in George Washington I would but announce that I believe many men are liars.

And I believe that a wonderful man named Socrates taught in Athens, living to see the young men of Athens aroused, and died in the narrow confines of a small Athenian prison, the hemlock fresh on his lips and murderous in his blood. But to believe in Socrates I must believe what somebody wrote many centuries ago, even as I must believe what others whom I know not have said to believe that a man named Julius Cæsar laid the foundation stones of the world's greatest empire—centuries ago.

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And I believe, too, that there is a battlefield called Waterloo, though I heard not one gun that was fired there and not one groan that was uttered there and not one dying whisper that was breathed there that awful June day—long ago. To deny that there was such a battle is to declare that historians are impostors.

And I believe, moreover, that a great genius by the name of Shakespeare lived in England and fingered a pen from which wisdom and verses dropped like “golden pollen from the stems of shaken lilies”; that a woman called Florence Nightingale lived and bound up many battle wounds; that a blind woman named Fanny Crosby wrote many immortal hymns; that a man named Ingersoll, with the effrontery of a thief who comes but to steal and to kill and to destroy, went up and down our land—East, West, North, South—shooting arrows tipped with fire at the Bible.

But none of these whom I have named have I seen in the flesh. Few only of the places where they once walked have I visited.

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Yet no doubt enters my mind as to them or as to the things they did. And I am just as reasonable to believe what the Bible says about the garden of Eden as I am to believe anything historians have said about any of the persons and any of these other matters I have mentioned—or have not mentioned. I am just as wise to believe what Moses, writing under the good hand of God, tells me about the parting waters of the Dead Sea, saying, “And the Lord made the sea dry land, and the waters were divided” (Exodus 14: 21) as I am to believe what a New York editor wrote of Henry Grady, saying, “Grady was an animated aurora with all the variations of a luminous sunset, and he managed in twenty minutes to bathe two antagonistic sections in fraternal light.”

*“You don’t believe the sun and the moon stood still—do you?”*

Yes, I believe that when Joshua said in the sight of Israel, after he had spoken to the Lord, “Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon, and thou, Moon, in the valley of Ajalon”



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that “the sun hasted not to go down about a whole day” (Joshua 10: 12-13). Because the God who “set a tabernacle in the heavens for the sun” (Psalm 19: 4) and who “hangeeth the earth upon nothing” (Job 26: 7) can lengthen the day and shorten the night, or dispense with both for the victorious struggles of his people. If he who “by wisdom hath founded the earth and by understanding hath established the heavens” (Prov. 3: 19) can hang the earth upon nothing, he can make the earth stop turning on its axis and stop whirling around the sun.

In 1833 there was a day known as the “Dark Day.” Astronomers have never been able to explain that day. Workmen, when midnight came down in the daytime, went to their homes. Courts adjourned. Legislative sessions closed. Fowls of the daytime went to roosting places in the morning. Creatures of the night time came forth. There were ten thousand stars shooting here and there and everywhere like swift arch-angels with garments afire speeding across some uncharted dark, like torches thrown

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from unseen hands, like flambeaus carried by invisible and lightning-swift incendiaries. Strange day that!

Now a man, any man, to-day who has sense enough to make a clock, certainly has sense enough to stop it. And plain common-sense, which is but the ordinary capacity to see and take things in their right light, urges me to believe that the clock is not stronger than the clock-maker—that the clock-maker can stop one wheel or stop fifty wheels or stop all the wheels, if he chooses. No machine knows more than its maker. The universe is not mightier than its God. Things created cannot master their Creator! The mighty seas are not mightier than God who holds them in the hand of his omnipotence. And if God can make and start ten thousand worlds, as he did in the beginning—when he started the earth on an annual journey of five hundred and fifty-eight million miles around the sun traveling at the speed of sixty-three thousand miles an hour—or make the sky shoot forth stars as a fig tree drops ripe figs in a storm, as he did in 1833

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—he can certainly stop two worlds, wee worlds, or big worlds, or a thousand worlds, and all worlds.

And, as Talmadge once said in substance to Ingersoll, if God can engineer a train of ten thousand worlds or meteors, and start them without accident or collision and keep them going on schedule time, never running ahead, never running behind, never running awry, never causing catastrophe, can he not control two carriages of light, and by putting down a golden brake stop the sun, and by putting down a silver brake stop the moon?

And I say, if man by means of the stop watch can divide seconds into fractions of a second, if man can make a messenger boy of the lightning and conquer time and space, God can prolong the day, advance the night and advance the dawn earlier than their appointed times, or adjourn the night until after its time or retard the dawn, or dispense with both. Yes, I believe.

If our astronomers, with their man-made lenses, can learn the exact schedule of comets and view landscapes fifteen million miles

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away and tell us years ahead the exact second the sun will go into total eclipse, cannot God do all that the tenth chapter of Joshua relates? Surely. God, who made this physical universe, from the mightiest whirling orb and fixed star to the minutest dancing electron, keeps it on the move,—keeps it going furiously, even tremendously. But that does not affirm he could not *stop* all things in motion—if he saw fit.

Astronomers tell us that Alpha Centauri, our nearest fixed star, is so far away that if we were to get on a train and take our Sunday School for a picnic (were it possible to build a railroad to Alpha Centauri) and travel at the rate of a mile a minute, we would reach the picnic grounds in forty-eight million years. At the rate sound travels, if some of the sweet singers in our choir could be placed in Alpha Centauri and were to sing a song, that song would reach our ears in three million eight hundred thousand years. A strand of a spider's web from a cocoon reaching from here to our nearest fixed star would weigh five hundred tons.

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And the Almighty God who put that fixed star yonder, so far away; the omnipotent God who “drew the blue curtains of the night across the windows of heaven and pinned them together with such marvelous star clusters”—that God can make a shepherd’s crook to become a serpent and can make it swallow other serpents endlessly. I believe. “The heavens are thine, the earth also is thine; as for the world and the fullness thereof, thou hast founded them” (Psalm 89: 11).

If to-day or to-morrow, or in ten or a thousand years, something may happen which is not in accord with my slight experience, with my imperfect knowledge of the universe—which is, or appears to be, in direct opposition to them—then all at once any miracle becomes possible, to-day, yesterday, or to-morrow, whether it be the sun standing still in the sky without any consequent disturbance in the solar system, or a poor child finding a penny in the dust in answer to its prayer.

Who spoke as above, spoke words of wis-



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dom. Do not we who believe in a God, believe of necessity in a miracle? Would not a God, who was obliged to obey self-made laws of nature with regard to the manner in which he reveals himself in his creation, cease to be a God at all? Yea, verily. God is not a victim, but a victor, in the universe of his creation. “By his spirit he hath garnished the heavens; his hand hath formed the crooked serpent . . . Lo, these are parts of his ways; but how little a portion is heard of him?” (Job 26: 3-14.)

## II

*"You don't believe the water was turned into wine at Cana of Galilee—do you?"*

Yes. I believe. Just as I believe that in these days men, by the use of chemicals, turn water into "white lightning" overnight—"moonshine" slop which makes children afraid of their fathers and makes wives to dread the home-coming of husbands, and makes man, as Edgar said in *King Lear*, to become false of heart, bloody of hand, and to be hog in sloth, wolf in greediness, dog in madness, lion in prey.

Man, in ways various, changes corn into hiccough-producing hooch, about which the following paraphrase of a familiar Mother Goose rime is appropriately applicable:

"Jack and Jill  
Went up the hill,  
To get some bootleg lickèr;  
Jack went blind  
And lost his mind—  
And Jill is even sicker!"

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Yes, I believe that Jesus of Nazareth, without chemicals and without access to laboratory furnishings and without test tubes and without any difficulty and without man's ingenuity and without help from anybody, could change and did change water into wine. And I have no more difficulty in believing that than I do in believing that man, by chemical matrimony, unites God's oxygen with God's hydrogen and makes flame and, by uniting carbon and hydrogen, makes illuminating gas—gas which setteth an end to realms of darkness changing them into estates of light, instantly and constantly.

Now the eyes of the mind cannot see the how and the why of many things that happen in chemistry. Doctor Landon, chief chemist of the Erie Railroad Company, tells us that in a certain works in Germany when they were experimenting on a method to produce indigo synthetically, phthalic acid was needed as an intermediate material. It was reasoned that it should be possible to obtain it by treating naphthalene with fuming sulphuric acid. The theory was all right

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and there was every expectation of its success, but the result was unfavorable. Neither heat nor pressure, nor anything that could be done, would bring about the desired change. It seemed that man did not have the knowledge to change naphthalene into phthalic acid—when behold!—one day something happened! While one of the experiments was in progress a boy employed in the laboratory was told to take a reading from the thermometer. It is said that he was a clumsy boy. Possibly some one greater than man was near, and responsible for the thermometer that was broken, so that a few drops of mercury fell into the mass. Immediately the mass commenced to seethe and labor, and in a short time there was no naphthalene, but the container was full of the desired phthalic acid. Mercury was the catalyst. Wonderful! So say you! So say I! So say all!

Now! If man, the creature of a day, can take mercury—God’s mercury—and drop it into naphthalene—God’s naphthalene—and change that naphthalene into phthalic acid,

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cannot the great Creator of all things, who laid the foundations of the waters, change any liquid into any other liquid man knows, or doesn't know—if he chooses? Cannot he change anything liquid and all things liquid into anything liquid and into all things *solid*—if he chooses? Of course! Only the man who denies that God is omnipotent is sufficiently foolish to deny that!

To-day man grows oranges and flowers in the snow. To-day man makes ice in the tropics. To-day man turns sawdust into valuable medicinal properties. To-day man, who gets smokeless powder from corn, and who turns the polluted river water into clear and safe drinking water, turns the very poisons into healing balms and strengthening remedies. The chemical magicians of to-day—descendants, verily, of fairy Aladdin—are calling up wonders out of the sea, wonders out of the air, wonders out of the soil, wonders out of the rocks, and out of the dust and out of ash heaps and out of coke ovens and out of the smoke from chimneys and out of tar-barrels and out of mud pits.



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And, with only a part of what we wanted to say said, we are ready to ask and to receive answer to the following question: Is any man fair—nay, is any man really pitching his mental tent on safe camping ground—who can believe and does believe the things the chemists have wrought and yet—and yet!—sticks a question mark after the miracle Jesus wrought at the wedding in the village of Cana of Galilee? Is man wise to stagger through unbelief at the works God wrought centuries ago and yet be fully persuaded to accept what chemists have been able to perform to-day?

“Lord, I believe.”

*“You don’t believe the ax-head swam—do you? Was there not some illusion about that?”*

Two questions. To the first I answer emphatically: “Yes, I believe!” To the next I give a positive, unhesitant, unshaken “No.” The Book of books says, in II Kings sixth chapter and the sixth verse: “And the iron did swim.” Now if man can take the

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ore which the Almighty put into the bowels of the earth when he made the earth and change that ore into iron ships one sixth of a mile in length and make that ship go across oceans (the oceans God made) propelled by steam coming from water created by God, water heated by fire created by God or driven along by the winds of God, God can, through the power of his prophet and the stick which the prophet cuts with a prophet's knife (II Kings 6:6), make one little ax-head to swim. There is no “illusion” about going down to the wharf, strolling up a gangplank, getting on a mighty “swimming” palace, a steel Leviathan one sixth of a mile in length, and crossing the ocean in a few days—is there? There is no “illusion” to-day about the iron battleship that weighs hundreds of tons and that costs ten million dollars to construct “swimming” and carrying, as it “swims,” thousands of tons of supplies in addition to heavy iron-and-steel guns that weigh hundreds of pounds more than the ancient ax-head weighed, and shooting from these guns, as it “swims,” cannon balls

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that weigh considerably more than the ax-head weighed, and shooting these cannon balls the distance of thirty miles—no “illusion,” I ask, about that, is there? Of course not! Then why say of the ax-head that it did not float?

Though many do not say much about it or write much about it and though many do not know it, wood, always strongly resistant to the passage of heat because of its structure, is built up of a great mass of hollow fiber cemented together, which fiber locks up within the wood innumerable numbers of air cells—air cells so small that the air in them cannot readily circulate. Wood substance, the material out of which the wood cells are made, weighs about ninety-six pounds to the cubic foot. Now God, who by means of millions of air cells and cavities which he created in wood to buoy up the wood, has made wood weighing ninety-six pounds to the cubic foot to float, to “swim,” if you please, in water that weighs only sixty-two and a half pounds to the cubic foot. And a God who so made wood can

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make, and *did* make, the iron ax-head to swim.

Think of the “Majestic,” the marvelous, mighty, majestic “Majestic,” the White Star Liner! It is nine hundred and sixty-five feet long. Yet it “swims,” heavy as it is, long as it is, big as it is, in water not different in its constituent elements from the water in the Jordan River.

There were one hundred and thirty-five ships in the Spanish Armada—long ago. Yet the entire Spanish Armada did not exceed the tonnage of the “Majestic.” But this great ship *did* “swim”—and does “swim.” The space inside the “Majestic” is equal to that of four hundred bungalows with eight rooms each. Yet it “swims!”—swims triumphantly, in calm, in storm. Adjoining the dining-room of this great ship are store rooms that hold nine tons of marmalade, store rooms that contain ten tons of cabbages, and one room alone that has in it eighty thousand pieces of china. Yet this monster ship, a bit heavier, I aver, than the

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young prophet's ax-head of ancient days, "swims." Yes, this great ship that finite man, with man's physical and with man's mental limitations, has made out of the material which the infinite God created in the beginning, doth "swim"—doth "swim" across oceans separated by continents, across oceans thousands of miles wide, across wild seas where storms brew and blow.

Why believe the wonders of man's ship launching and the marvels of man's ship building and the achievement of man's trade routes, and doubt the miracle of God making one ax-head to swim? I do not doubt, I do not deny, when I stand by the wharf and consider what I behold there as ships come and go. Neither will I doubt, neither will I deny, when I stand by the banks of Jordan and read the Bible and all it says in II Kings the sixth chapter.

If man can make a magnet which reaches down into ponds of water and lifts from the muddy depths of these ponds all things iron and steel, cannot, and *did* not, God make



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one ax-head come to the top from the sandy bottom of the Jordan River?

“Lord, I believe.”

I have no more difficulty in believing that the ax-head of long ago swam than I do in believing that in the year 1807, Robert Fulton’s tiny tea kettle of a steamboat, struggling valiantly and victoriously against the currents, steamed up the Hudson to Albany in three days. If man can make *tons* of iron to float, to “swim,” cannot God make one *bit* of iron, weighing only a few pounds, swim? I believe. The Bible says, “The ax-head fell into the water . . . and he cut down a stick and cast it in thither . . . and the iron did swim” (II Kings 6:6). And that’s enough for me,—God considered, God accepted.

Why, I went from New York to Panama once on a floating piece of iron. The will of man can make a gigantic piece of iron float for *years*. Then why should it be thought ludicrous or incredible for God to make a piece of iron float for a *minute*? Man can suspend or vary the natural laws by the

"LORD, I BELIEVE"

introduction of a higher law. Then cannot God?

"Lord, I believe."

*"You don't believe Christ fed five thousand men, besides the women and the children, with five loaves and two small fishes—do you?"*

Yes, I believe. There is a caterpillar in this world—the world God made—that ought to increase our faith. Man has named it the Polyphemus caterpillar. According to Trouvelot it weighs at birth one twentieth of a grain. But this caterpillar's voracity, its utter and insatiate greediness, is so immense that in fifty days it weighs two hundred and seven grains and has consumed one hundred and twenty oak leaves weighing three-fourths of a pound.

I know there are fellows all around us who believe what Trouvelot says about the Polyphemus caterpillar. And so do I. But (tragically true it is!) there are fellows here and there, as the asseverations issuing from some philosophic and psychologic and scien-

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tific kindergartens testify, who go doubting all their days when the miracle of the loaves and fishes is brought to mind. They doubt—and sometimes deny—that the Christ who created all things that are in heaven, and that are in the earth, visible and invisible, whether they be thrones or dominions or principalities or powers, and without whom was nothing made that is made (Col. 2: 16-17), could take five loaves and two small fishes and multiply them into basketsful of flesh and bread. That do I *not* doubt. I believe.

Or, consider the silk worm now! In fifty-six days the silk worm eats eighty-six thousand times its original weight. And if I were to doubt the miracle of the lad's lunch, how could I consistently believe the marvel of the silk worm? Now there are those who believe that the silk worm God hath created can eat and does eat eighty-six thousand times its original weight in fifty-six days. And, in the face of the evidence, they would be unwise to believe otherwise. Yet—how sad!—they doubt, doubt daily, that the God

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who created such a worm made a lad's lunch to multiply until it was sufficient to satisfy the hunger of thousands. Is it unilluminated willfulness in man? Or is it ignorance? “If Jesus had had only one crumb of one loaf, and one scale of one tail of one fish, he would have succeeded,” because—he was God. And because he was God he could turn a crumb of bread into a cupboard of bread.

Man ought to doubt less when he reads God's book, the Bible, than he does when he reads Nature's book, which is also God's book and showeth forth miracles every day. The God who inspired the one and moved the holy men of old to write it (II Tim. 3: 16. “All Scripture is given by inspiration of God”) is the God who created the other, setting boundaries to the seas, painting the flowers and fringing them with his glory, weighing the mountains in scales, creating a world and enclosing it in a drop of water. Shannon says: “The universe is just a vast autograph album. Its covers are wrought of matter bound up in myriads of forms; its pages are molecules and atoms and constella-

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tions, planets and electrons, mountains and motes; and God has written his signature upon every page, every single page, whether gigantically large or microscopically small!” And, as for me, believing all the Bible says and believing all I read in Nature’s vast book, so far as I am able to read among Nature’s mysteries and so far as I am able to speak to the earth and let it teach me (Job 12: 7), I say, God has two books. One book is Nature. One book is Revelation. And both are absolutely true. And who doubts that there are more mysteries in his book of Nature than in his book of Revelation, the Bible? Not I. We can hardly believe it to be reasonable, or commendably sensible, to believe the one that is so full of mystery, and refuse to believe the other because it has *some* mystery. Our own intelligence must certainly condemn us if we do.

When I think of God who sows space with worlds, “who makes thick darkness a swaddling-band for the sea” (Job 38:9), the lobes of the human brain are not large enough to span the creative powers and purposes and



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resources of God Almighty. If on the occasion of the hungry multitudes, the Son of God deemed it necessary actually to add to the sum total of all things, to the storehouse of matter, and called together from the surrounding atmosphere the elements needed for this purpose, just as in hushing the storm he met force by that will of his which is the ultimate source and ground of all force, I should not like to intimate that the task was beyond him. No. No more than I would like to intimate that the filling of a teacup is beyond the powers of him who created the ocean.

And, going back a bit! As long as men are thought to be sensible and reasonable to believe that the Polyphemus caterpillar, weighing one twentieth of a grain at birth, can grow by its own hungry gnawings and gluttonous exertions to a weight of two hundred and seven grains in fifty-six days and eat one hundred and twenty oak leaves weighing three fourths of a pound in that time, I am not going to be so lacking in consistency and faith as to doubt that God fed

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multitudes of men, women, and children with the increase he made real in the same meager loaves and thin fishes. As long as I can go into Nature's house and see silk worms that eat eighty-six thousand times their original weight in fifty-six days—and believe that—I am not going to doubt when I read God's book and come across the miracle of the lad's lunch in the hands of the mighty Christ. I believe.

Not only so. A few people now remember the hunger of 1837, when there were bread riots in New York City. Flour mills were closed for lack of wheat. Starving men fell in the streets of Boston and Philadelphia. Mobs of laborers, maddened by the fear of famine, broke into warehouses and carried away sacks of food as though they were human wolves. Even in the Middle West, the prairie paradise of farmers, many a family fought against death with the serf's weapon of Black Bread! But, when it seemed that a bread famine was walking many bypaths and traveling many highways, seeking entrance and dwelling place in hut

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and palace, man made a wonderful machine, the reaper, which moved the civilized nations out of the bread line. And now, because of that machine which man made, a machine which cuts wheat and ties the wheat into bundles and threshes it and puts it into bags, instead of a guillotine to cut off the heads of the privileged people who eat too much, we have bread and to spare. If man can make a machine that will so revolutionize the world, God can take bread and meat and make it to increase plenteously until every hungry mouth is satisfied. He can take one crumb from a table and one minnow from a brooklet and make them a feast for hundreds of thousands.

“Lord, I believe.”

### III

*“You don’t believe Elijah went up in the air into heaven in a chariot—do you?”*

Yes, I believe. The Bible says so. Why, Dr. Hugo Eckner came through the air from Germany to the United States in eighty hours in an airship weighing ninety tons and capable of carrying a crew of eighty-three—did that, all that, nothing less miraculous than that—while we knew, and know, it took Columbus seventy days to cross the Atlantic with a ship weighing one hundred tons and carrying a crew of fifty-two men. I don’t doubt or deny what Columbus did in 1492. I don’t doubt what Doctor Eckner did a few months ago. I don’t doubt what God did thousands of years ago.

Moreover, some months ago a certain Frenchman, with all the boldness of a bird that dares a stormy sea, flew to an altitude of almost forty thousand feet. Some height—in the air! And Lieut. Alfred Williams

of the U. S. Navy has an unofficial flying mark of three hundred and two and three-tenths miles an hour. Some speed—in the air! And Lieutenant Byrd, in an airship which resembled, when one looked at it from below, a huge skeletonized fish, flew far yonder to the North Pole over thousands of miles of frozen Arctic lands and waters and dropped the “Stars and Stripes” and left the flag there, its red, white and blue to mingle with the snows of the frozen Northland. Some flying that—in the air! Not only so. Some men whose names I forget momentarily flew from the Atlantic to the Pacific between sunrise and sunset, having seen the sunrise on the Atlantic shore and having watched the fires of the sunset fade away that same day on the Pacific coast. Some hop that—between suns, from ocean to ocean! And the coffee, heated in New York, carried across the land in a thermos bottle, was still hot when California was reached. The aviators made the coffee in New York; they drank it in California—and the coffee was still hot, thanks to thermos.

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And just recently a newspaper account told of some piano house sending a baby-grand piano two hundred miles to a distant city by airplane. Rushing a heavy rush order that—by air, through the air! We have seen what Tennyson saw when he wrote:

“For I dipt into the future, far as human eye could  
see,  
Saw the vision of the world, and all the wonder  
that would be.

“Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of  
magic sails,  
Pilots of the purple twilight dropping down with  
costly bales.”

That very long-distance flight, out-eagling the eagle, surpassing the flight of sea gulls, in such a short time turns us in thought to 1901 when scientists were not only skeptical but had a kind of angry intolerance of suggestions that man might some day fly. In that same year, Simon Newcomb, a scientist of the best standing, came out with a statement positive enough to assure him a place



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among those skeptical philosophers who derided the idea of man “mounting up with wings as eagles,” saying: “I have shown that the construction of an aerial vehicle which could carry even a single man from place to place at pleasure requires the discovery of some new metal or some new force.”

The shouts of the clamoring populace for young Lindbergh who, after his transatlantic flight, got a transatlantic telephone connection and talked with his mother, makes us wonder how it could be that, less than a quarter of a century ago, there was everywhere the conviction that the airplane belonged in the realm of fable, along with perpetual motion, rain-making, pits dug through the earth to China, visitors from Mars.

As we look back, miracles of Bible days ought not to seem incredible. Those who deny the miracles of Jesus appear to those who believe in miracles as ridiculous—in the light of Lindbergh’s flight, and in the knowledge of the circling over the North Pole of Commander Byrd, and the flight of Chamber-

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lain and Levine from New York to Germany, as ridiculous as the avalanches of ridicule which fell like pitiless hail upon Professor Langley's experiments in flying. Of this flight, Ambrose Beirce, a writer of note, said: “I don't know how much larger Professor Langley's machine is than its flying model was—about large enough, I think, to require an atmosphere a little denser than the intelligence of one scientist and not quite so dense as that of two.”

Now! If man can add steel wings to his body and fly across plains where once covered wagons crept with the calendar for a time table; if man can “mount up with wings as eagles” and fly across the oceans where Magellan's little vessel crept along at a snail's pace, or faster, according to the mood of the winds;—if man can do that, I say, and circle the globe on steel wings, why should I doubt or deny the miracle of Elijah's departure in a chariot of fire? *I don't* doubt it. I believe—and if I had one hair that did not believe, I would pull it out.

No wonder some one recently wrote: “I

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believe one of the most pressing problems that challenged the intellect of ancient man was the problem of how to sit down and go somewhere while resting. Horses were harnessed; mules were saddled; oxen were taught to pull great loads; and all that man might travel in ease and comfort. Not satisfied with animal aids, modern man has made himself mechanical beasts, and the air is raucous with their brazen hoots and metallic growls, and fetid with the stench of their exhausted breath from their iron lungs!”

Believing what this one wrote, having seen what he speaks of with my own eyes, my faith, in contemplation of what man has done in the realm of transportation, is a faith that believes Elijah “went up by a whirlwind into heaven” (II Kings 2: 11).

“Lord, I believe.”

*“You don’t believe God put Adam to sleep and took a rib out of his side without hurting him—do you?”*

Yes, I believe. Doctors and surgeons all over our land “put folks to sleep” and cut

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off toes, cut off fingers, cut off legs, cut out tonsils, and pull out teeth without “hurting” their patients. It is typical rather than exceptional for surgeons to make folks take a nap and, while they are napping, to cut them open, to put their sterilized instruments and carefully and chemically bathed fingers down into the delicate roadways of the arteries and into the intricate net-work of the nerves and remove tumors, appendices, and various other organs—all that which was once, even very recently, unbelievable and considered impossible of accomplishment.

If man can take and does take God’s materials which have been in the world since the beginning and put men and women into anesthetic dreamland darkness and perform operations of such delicate nature, I believe God can take and did take one lone rib from Adam’s side without “hurting” him.

If man to-day can take and does take the materials found in this earth and make machines which divide corpuscles into eight parts, machines called microtomes which are

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indispensable in cutting tissue, machines which register one-thousandth part of a milligram, machines which weigh the tiniest hair from any infant's head, cannot—and did not?—the great God who made man out of the dust of the earth, the God who slumbereth not nor sleepeth, make a deep sleep to fall on Adam and take from his side a rib and make him wake to behold lovely woman by his side? Yes, I believe.

I do not doubt the wonder of the human body with the invisible chemists in the alimentary canal transforming foods into chyle and the other wee workmen inside who take up this product and make it into blood, and still others which, from the blood, weave muscle and bone and skin. I do not doubt the wonder and mystery of what one has called the “river of blood” in the human body and about which the river itself testifies: “I am just a red stream; in my stream are some five million little boats, corpuscles and what not, that are constantly at work, loading and unloading, fighting, uniting, dividing, carrying on commerce, building

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and wrecking, bringing up brick and mortar for the various works along the bank, and taking away the débris.”

I do not doubt the mystery and the wonder of the ear which God hath planted (Psalm 94:9). I do not doubt or deny the mysterious passage of sound through the ear to the brain—the membrane stretched over the inner ear, trembling when sound smites it; the coöperative work of the grotesque little bones, the hammer, the anvil, and the stirrup; the little ear musical instrument with its scores of delicate strings made of the nerves so fine and tenuous that it requires a microscope to see them; the little window by a microscopic pool of water. And, while two hundred and fifty-six vibrations per second produce what musicians call the Middle C note on the piano, the ear registers sound up to the nine thousandth vibration, or more. “The hearing ear, and the seeing eye, the Lord hath made even both of them” (Prov. 20:12).

I do not doubt, I do not deny, the mystery and wonder of the human heart, that mar-



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velous organ of man's body. All the blood in the human body passes in a never-ceasing stream through this organ. The heart contracts itself at an average rate of sixty times a minute when the body is in health. This means it beats thirty-six hundred times an hour, and at each one of these contractions it throws out an average of two ounces of blood. Three hundred and fifty pounds of blood pass through the heart every hour. In order to send this blood as far down as two feet into the great arteries, the heart must meet a resistance equivalent to a weight of twelve thousand six hundred pounds. Second by second, minute by minute, hour by hour, day by day, this marvelous muscle does its work. A God who can make a body having such wonders as the ear, the eye, the “river of blood,” and the heart organ, can take anything from that body “without hurting man.” And he can make from the severed part whatsoever he will.

And I do not doubt the wonders of the surgeon's knife and the surgeon's operating room and the wonders and mysteries of ether,

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God's ether, the density of which is a million times that of water. Wondrous ether which daily, in the hands of man, robs perilous operations of much terror, and all pain. Doubting nothing of what man has done, neither do I doubt Adam's painless sleep and the creative result thereof, culminating in the first honeymoon trip of the world.

“Lord, I believe.”

#### IV

*“You don’t believe Elisha’s servant saw the mountains full of horses and chariots of fire—do you?”*

There is a Book—a book beyond and above all books as the river is beyond a rill in reach, as the sun is beyond a tallow dip in brightness, as a tree is beyond a twig in fruit-bearing, as diamonds are beyond pewter plates in value. This Book Tom Paine tried to drown in infidel ink, and could not. This book Hume, Celsus, Voltaire, and others attacked with cogent weapons, but they could not and did not shorten its life by one hour nor weaken its influence by one ounce. All of its enemies have not burned one thread of its garments asunder, nor stolen one flower from its gorgeous garden, nor quenched a spark of its enduring fires, nor diluted one drop of honey from its inexhaustible hive, nor put out of tune one string of its thousand-string harp. Still,

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notwithstanding the attacks made upon it through the centuries, it travels more highways and by-paths and knocks at more doors and speaks to more people in their mother tongue than any book this world has ever known or ever will know. And this wondrous Book says: “And the Lord opened the eyes of the young man; and he saw—and, behold, the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha” (II Kings 6: 17). Why should I doubt that?

But besides, man, mere man, meager man, man oft possessed of a superficial mental illumination, through the miraculous spectrograph has learned the constituent elements of the remotest astral bodies—the gold in the sun, the copper in Mars, the iron on the moons of Jupiter. By means of the microscope man has looked into the world of the infinitely small and has seen and can see, in the atoms in a particle of dust on a moth’s wing, electrons whirling like bees around a hive. By means of the telescope man has looked and does look far into the world of the infinitely far and the infinitely large and

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has learned the schedule of the comets and has viewed landscapes fifteen million miles away. By means of the kinetoscope a camera man has taken sixty-six photographs per second and has preserved these photographs for generations a thousand years from now to scrutinize and enjoy.

Not only so. Man now sends photographs by wire making it possible for one, separated from another by continents and by oceans, to see the likeness of a face thousands of miles away in just a few minutes after the flash of the camera. Baker's transmission of pictures is evidence. Even the telephone has entered the field of picture transmission. Commercial apparatus is already installed in New York, Chicago, and San Francisco, and transmission service is offered to the public at these points. It takes about seven minutes to transmit a five-inch by seven-inch photograph from New York to San Francisco. I lie not.

Moreover, the discovery of helium, one of the chemical elements, during the last thirty years, is romance indeed—romance with real-

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ity. Nobody ever dreamed, either in clear-visioned mental health, or in drunken stupor, or in the wild nightmares of a disordered brain, that there was such a thing in the universe until they discovered it, *saw* it, in the sun—nearly ninety-three million miles away! But there it was—where it had ever been since God made the sun. And man, wee man, boastful and bombastic man, by the spectroscope which he made from God’s materials, *saw* it there in the sun millions of miles away.

Now if man can make a machine which enables man to see helium in the sun millions of miles from us, I think God would have no special difficulty in opening a young man’s eyes to the invisible horses and chariots of God’s providential care, even the horses and chariots of fire of God’s protective forces. “The chariots of God are twenty thousand, even thousands of angels” (Psalm 68: 17). And as for the number of his weapons, no man can tell us, not having entered into his armory.

Once in a hospital I let my eyes follow



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the violet road of the X-ray. And I saw far down in the delicate throat of a child, a safety pin, which for once was an *unsafety* pin. And as I looked, I looked with a sort of holy awe, as one who looks behind a veil where none dare intrude with cheap scorn. And as I saw that pin through the flesh and slender bones of that child's plump body, I heard the doctor assure the weeping and near-frantic little mother that to get that pin now, since he had *seen* it and had located it, would be a small matter. Just a “small matter” now for a man to locate nails in our stomachs and pins in our windpipes and blood clots on our brains and tubercular spots on the lungs and cancer sores in the intestines and marrow ailments inside the bones, for we have the X-ray—and the X-ray permits us to see through bones and into the holy sanctuary of the human body where unanointed eyes cannot look.

Yes, I believe the whole of what Second Kings the sixth chapter tells us. Why should I doubt? Why should *anybody* doubt? Have we not heard of, have we not

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seen man's X-ray? If man can make something that enables him to see through bones and flesh, God who formed the eye can make a man see horses and chariots on mountain tops—horses and chariots invisible to earth but visible to the hosts of heaven. If man with his telescopic lens can see Mars two hundred million miles away, traveling around the sun once every six hundred and twenty-seven days going at the speed of forty-nine thousand miles an hour in its orbit—or see Saturn eight hundred eighty-five million miles away, traveling around the sun once in thirty years going at a speed of twenty-one thousand miles per hour—or see old Uranus one billion seven hundred eighty million miles away, traveling around the sun once in eighty-eight years going at the speed of two hundred fifty miles an hour, God can make things invisible to man be visible to man. If man has made machines by which bacteria are photographed, the great God who made the optic nerve and put seven colors in every ray of light and until yet, as in the beginning, makes light to travel

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at the rate of one hundred eighty-six thousand miles per second—this God can cause a man to see the rolling wheels of God’s chariots of fire and the prancing hoofs of God’s horses of fire round about the mountain rims. If man, by scientific instruments in the laboratory, can divide the spectrum from red to violet into no fewer than three thousand tints, or colors, God can make vividly clear to a frightened young man his chariots!

And, remembering still the protective chariots and horses which Elisha’s servant saw, we say: “God is our refuge and strength; therefore will we not fear though the earth be removed and the mountains cast into the depths of the sea.” And singing, “I believe,” as we go we say also: “The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him and delivereth them” (Psalm 34: 7).

“Lord, I believe.”

*“You don’t believe all that stuff about Jonah and the whale—do you?”*

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Yes—despite the pre-suppositions abroad, pre-suppositions which rest on mere credulity and are unsupported by one jot or one tittle of evidence. Yes, with conviction and with courage and with comfort, I believe that “stuff!” And I do not believe it as a fellow in California says he believes it—“Because,” said he, “they have found a whale skeleton in Florida with Jonah’s initials carved on the inside, I believe Jonah was in the big fish.” Not because of such nonsense and balderdash do I believe that the big fish which God prepared swallowed Jonah. But I believe it because my Lord Jesus, the sinner’s Saviour, the Teacher of teachers, he who died the just for the unjust that he might bring us to God (I Peter 3: 18), believed it—and because God’s word says it. Yes, because the Bible affirms it and because the Master reaffirms it, I believe it!

Jesus, who accepted the history of the Old Testament scriptures as preparation for himself, said: “An evil and adulterous generation seeketh after a sign, and there shall no sign be given it but the sign of the prophet

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Jonah; for as Jonah was three days and three nights in the whale's belly, so shall the Son of Man be three days and three nights in the heart of the earth” (Matt. 12: 39-40).

Our Lord Jesus, without hesitation and without apology and without fear, ventured the entire validity of his ministry upon the truthfulness of the book of Jonah. And Jesus was as well advised as any of our Biblical exegetes as to the real facts bearing on the question of inerrancy. Knowing all things, holding the universe in the hand of his omnipotence and beneath the eye of his omniscience, he did not hesitate to endorse the entire truthworthiness of those very portions of Scripture that are now most vigorously assailed, that now have arrows dipped in poison gas-fire flung at them by the quiverful by those who, with supercilious pose and an air of intellectual superiority, summon the Scriptures to appear at the bar of human reason, substituting a “Thus saith the mind of man” for a “Thus saith the Lord.”

Was not the Bible of the Jews in our

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Lord's day practically our Old Testament? Yes. And for us is not its supreme sanction the sanction which it received from Christ himself? Was it not the Bible of his education? the Bible of his ministry? Did he not accept without question its fundamental doctrines concerning creation, concerning man, concerning righteousness, concerning God's purpose of grace through Israel? Did he not use it to justify his mission?—to illumine the mystery of his cross? Affirmative answers are the only wise answers that can be given to these questions. And, like Jesus, those who believe in the supernatural do not have any trouble in accepting the narrative of Jonah's experiences in occupying the first “submarine ichtythic” in which, before his voyage, he had not made a reservation—no trouble, I say, in accepting that marvelous missionary narrative as real history instead of myth. If God, the Creator of the universe, is free to put his hand into the course of affairs and do what could not and cannot otherwise be done, surely here the cause was adequate to the effect.



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Jesus himself certainly believed the book of Jonah to be genuine history. Else he would not have made Jonah's three-day experience in the belly of the great fish a parallel to his own three-day experience in the grave. Neither would he have compared the repentance of the Ninevehites (“And God saw their works, that they turned from their evil way”—Jonah 3:10) with the failure of the men of his own time to repent. He said: “The men of Nineveh shall rise in judgment with this generation, and shall condemn it, because they repented at the preaching of Jonah; and, behold, a greater than Jonah is here” (Matt. 12:41). Surely, somebody says, we are not to suppose Jesus to say that there was an imaginary city inhabited by imaginary persons who committed imaginary evils and who at some imaginary time in the remote past under the imaginary urge of the imaginary preaching of an imaginary prophet repented in imagination—and these shall rise in the day of Judgment and condemn the actual impenitence of those his actual hearers! And with

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the somebody (and with everybody) who speaks such wisdom we agree in full.

Let me ask just here: If man can make a submarine out of iron to lie on the bottom of the ocean or to travel beneath the surface of the ocean or to rise to the top of the ocean at will and spew from its iron mouth a torpedo that has power to send floating palaces of steel and grand architecture down to the coral tombs, down to and into mud sepulchers of the deep, cannot the great God who made man make a fish big enough to swallow a man? If God made the ocean (and if he didn't, who did?) he can make a fish as big as he wants to do what he wants—even to swallowing and retaining a man and casting him up, still undigested, after three days. And they were days which were terrible for Jonah, as his prayer from the fish's belly testifies (Jonah 2: 1), and as saith his testimony that the belly of the fish was as the belly of hell to him (Jonah 2: 2). If man can make out of wood, iron, and stone ships that carry five thousand passengers for six weeks in storms of great power, cannot God

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make out of flesh and bones a fish to carry one lone passenger for three days? I believe.

And, turning into a by-path a moment, let me say that critics of the Scriptures ought to learn and long remember that construction is far more costly in time, in money, and in intellect than destruction. The destruction of the “Lusitania” cost \$1,400 for a torpedo. It took three years to build the “Lusitania”—marvelous ship of more than leviathan strength. It took three minutes to destroy it. The ship was nine hundred feet long. The torpedo was fourteen feet long. As Christ said “Learn a parable of the fig tree” (Mark 13:28) so we say “Learn a parable of the ‘Lusitania,’ ” and remember that construction is best and wisest when it comes to the great spiritual affirmations of the ages and to the great miracles of the Bible. And we ought not to forget just here that the book which tells of Jonah and the storm and the big fish and the repentance of Nineveh and the mercy of God also says: “All flesh is grass . . . the grass withereth, the flower

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fadeth, but the Word of our God shall stand forever.”

*“You don’t believe all that about Noah’s ark and the flood, do you?”*

Yes, with awe, I believe. Jesus, wiser than all teachers, affixed his seal to the story of the great deluge in these words: “But as the days of Noah were, so shall also the coming of the Son of Man be; for as in the days that were before the flood they were eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage, until the day that Noah entered into the ark, and knew not till the flood came and took them all away” (Matt. 24: 37-39). For boldness of conception, for grandeur of character, for sublimity of purpose, for originality of mind, in philosophic profundity and in valiant propagandism, the teachings of Jesus claim the sovereignty of the world. And, in his teaching, not one statement of the Scriptures did he disclaim, not one prophet did he disown.

If you say you do not believe in Noah as a person and in the flood as a dread reality,

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you call God a liar. And it is impossible for God to lie (Hebrews 6: 18). Not one second of any minute of any hour of any day of any week of any month of any year of all the centuries and ages gone forever into the tomb of Time records a lie told by him who despises falsehood and to whom a false balance is perpetual abomination.

And if you say Jesus told a lie about the flood—how do you know he told the truth when he said, “In my Father’s house are many mansions”? Besides, the Apostle Peter, who knew Jesus, who talked with Jesus before his crucifixion, who walked much with Jesus, who loved Jesus, who talked with Jesus after his resurrection, believed all the narrative of Noah, the ark, and the flood. The proof is found in II Peter 2: 5: “And spared not the old world, but saved Noah the eighth person, a preacher of righteousness, bringing in the flood upon the world of the ungodly.” And so, not to believe that the great flood came with “the fountains of the great deep broken up from below and with the windows of heaven

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opened from above” (Gen. 7: 11), is to say to the great Apostle, “Thou liest!”

Now I have no desire to travel on the highway and to walk out into the by-path traveled and walked by David Strauss, one of the outstanding representatives of German rationalism, who, after spending his life in an earnest endeavor to dispense with God, was constrained to say: “My philosophy leaves me utterly forlorn; I feel like one caught in the merciless jaws of an automatic machine, not knowing at what moment one of its great hammers may crush me.” But to deny the flood and the awful destruction of that great deluge and to believe otherwise than what the Bible plainly teaches about it, is to affirm one’s belief in effects without causes, in design without a designer, in laws without a lawgiver. “Lord, I believe.”

It might not be amiss just here to add that the scientific accuracy of the ark is finally attested by its modern dimensions. I quote from *The Wonderful Word* of October 1925: “The ark was approximately six times as long as it was wide. Upon these identical



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proportions we build our great vessels to-day. The most modern vessel that ever crossed my vision is the matchless pride of the American Navy, the U. S. S. ‘New Mexico.’ Many, many times I have been on her decks, in her ward room and gun turrets, and she seems to me to be the peer of anything afloat. AND SHE IS BUILT UPON THE SCIENTIFIC DIMENSIONS OF THE ARK. Look upon the floating palaces that swim the waters to-day; they are all on this pattern—six times as long as they are wide. The ancients did not so build. Their rule seemed to be their fancy. The ancient Phœnicians were the parents of navigation and shipcraft, and as far as they left records, they built a boat about twice as long as its width. When Rome first entered the Punic wars she had a fleet of three hundred and thirty vessels, both Biremes, Triremes, and Quadriremes. These were built on a plan that varied from a length of one hundred and ten feet with a width of eleven feet, to a maximum of one hundred thirty feet long by twelve feet wide; of a general plan of ten times the width for the length. None

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of them seems to have struck the proportions of the ark.”

So, remembering the great ships that man has built to-day upon the proportions and scientific dimensions of the ark, I point no finger of derision and raise not the cry of improbability when Noah’s ark is considered.

“Lord, I believe.”

*"You don't believe God rained fire and brimstone upon any cities—do you?"*

Yes, I believe. And I know the names of the cities—Sodom and Gomorrah, cities unspeakably and abominably wicked. And I believe that the God who "hurled oceans over Alps and Andes," drowning a world, also scorched Sodom to cinders in a hurricane of fire, and turned the palaces of Gomorrah into smoking ash heaps. And, incidentally, I say that he also cursed Cain, dug a grave for Korah, flung Jezebel to the dogs, slew Belshazzar at his own banquet table, threw the Roman dogs against Jerusalem to tear it limb by limb until, in wild struggles of darkness and fire, a nation found its grave. Moreover, I believe that the popular God who is all mercy without justice and righteous wrath is not the God of the Bible, not the God of his people, not the God of Cal-

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vary, not the God of earth, not the God of heaven. He who rained fire on Sodom is he who saith “Vengeance is mine, I will repay” (Rom. 12: 19).

In the recent world war when millions of young men were scattered like offal across continents sown to passion and watered with blood, man by means of poison gas gave poison breath to the wings of the wind, killing many. And by means of liquid fire thousands of others were killed. If man could and did make liquid fire and spurt it from guns—guns spitting venom like huge adders—across wide fields and to high altitudes, it was not beyond God’s power to make the blue dome of heaven a furnace pouring out as rain flames and coals of fire. While it is impossible for God to die, to lie, or to be deceived, it is not impossible for God, God who can set aside all natural law, to rain fire and brimstone from heaven.

And this is no greater miracle than the miracle of God taking our sin and casting it behind him. That God *could* make the heavens rain fire, I believe. That God *did* make

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the heavens rain brimstone, I believe. That there was some very strong justification for an act so terrible, I believe. That fire and brimstone are still in the power of God, I believe. That it is true to-day and for ever that “our God is a consuming fire,” I believe. That Lot took to his heels that hot morning “when the lightning was astir” and was “nearly choked with the sulphur that rolled in clouds around the skirts of Zoar,” I believe.

Jesus who supported all he said and all he did by the Old Testament believed in the destruction of these wicked cities of ancient days by fire and brimstone from heaven. He said: “But the same day that Lot went out of Sodom, it rained fire and brimstone from heaven and destroyed them all” (Luke 17: 29). If I am called “narrow” and classified as an “antiquity of error” and ridiculed as an “archaic anachronism” for believing that God destroyed those two mighty cities, those two iniquitous cities, with fire and brimstone from heaven, I intend to live this way—to die this way—to be all my days an

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“antiquity of error.” I am but believing what Jesus believed and taught.

The Apostle Peter believed that Sodom and Gomorrah were destroyed by fire and brimstone rained down from heaven. He spoke in no questioning or doubtful or uncertain tones and without any temerity of acceptance about that terrible event in these words: “For if God spared not the old world . . . bringing in the flood upon the world of the ungodly, and turning the cities of Sodom and Gomorrah into ashes condemned them with an overthrow, making them an example unto those that after should live ungodly—and delivered just Lot” (II Peter 2:4-6).

Paul, the Aristotle and Demosthenes of the Hebrew race, the brilliant law graduate, the rising hope of the Pharisees of his day, believed what the Bible speaketh as to the destruction of these cities which lifted high hands of rebellion against God and lived in defiance of all the accredited moralities known to man. Yes, Paul who left a trail of glory across the Gentile world, believed it all. Note: “For the Lord will execute his



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word upon the earth, finishing it and cutting it short; and, as Isaiah hath said before, Except the Lord of Sabaoth had left us a seed, we had become as Sodom and had been made like unto Gomorrah” (Rom. 9: 29).

I am not ashamed to believe that Sodom and Gomorrah, two cities with gorgeous paraphernalia and putridly obscene, were destroyed by a rain of fire and brimstone from heaven—so long as the record shows that Jesus taught it, believed it. No doubt will creep into my mind so long as I know that Peter believed it and Paul believed it and Isaiah believed it. With Jesus I stand. With Paul I stand. With Peter I stand. With Isaiah I stand. And I am in mighty good company—don’t you think?

“Lord, I believe.”

*“You don’t believe that people were healed when bitten by snakes by merely looking at a brass snake upon a pole—do you?”*

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Yes, I believe that, just that, all that. I believe what is written imperishably in the fifth verse of the twenty-first chapter of Numbers: “And the people spake against God and Moses, Wherefore have ye brought us up out of Egypt to die in the wilderness? for there is no bread, neither is there any water; and our soul loatheth this light bread.”

Bitterly did the people complain. The ungrateful complaint was heard. And the complaint was a complaint against God whose heart was touched with compassion because of their affliction, and who had made bare his mighty arm for their deliverance. “The earth is the Lord’s and the fullness thereof.” Written upon the earth and inscribed upon the heavens is this truth. And, as Doctor Parker has said in words of vivid clearness, for man, who did not make a single blade of grass in all the earth’s green crop nor light a single jet in all the sky burning with stars, to complain is to sin terribly. To complain is to be atheistic. To murmur is to throw down the altar. To adopt a re-

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proachful tone is to challenge divine wisdom. The complaint of the Israelites which, in the last analysis, was rank atheism was punished.

So! I believe that “the Lord sent fiery serpents among the people, and they bit the people, and much people of Israel died” (Num. 21:6). I believe that Moses, in obedience to the command of the Lord who in wrath remembers mercy, “made a serpent of brass, and put it on a pole, and it came to pass, that if any serpent had bitten any man, when he beheld the serpent of brass, he lived” (Num. 21:9)—for God had promised this: “And it shall come to pass that every one that is bitten, when he looketh upon it, shall live” (Num. 21:8).

And in so believing I am believing nothing less and nothing more, nothing less difficult and nothing more difficult, than Christ believed, and taught, and preached. Yes, Jesus himself took up this event, and from it preached himself. As he pointed forward to the Cross, he pointed back to the wilderness and to the wilderness way and to the wilderness wonder—and his words went up to God

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and out to men like untroubled incense to the sun as he said: “As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life” (John 3: 14). Jesus, teaching wondrous truth, passed from the symbol to the reality—the uplifted Son of God. I believe in Christ—and I am not ashamed to speak his name. And since Jesus, who saw in that uplifted serpent of brass the symbol of himself, did not hesitate to quote the passage, I need not hesitate to believe it. I believe what Jesus believed. I may be called “narrow” and “unscholarly” and a “back-number” in doing so. I am sure I would be unwise to do less. And as long as the sunlight is not a “back-number,” as long as the perfume of flowers is not a “back-number,” as long as salt is not a “back-number,” as long as fire is not a “back-number,” as long as pure air in the lungs is not a “back-number,” as long as water for cleansing the body and clothes for protecting and warming the body are not “back-numbers,”

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I shall be content to be a believing “back-number.”

Not only did Jesus believe the story of the serpent of brass. Paul who, until he met Jesus, was a mournful monotony of jangling inharmonies, missing life's central melody, believed it. Paul, who counted all things but loss that he might know Jesus and the power of his resurrection and the fellowship of his suffering (Phil. 3:7-10), believed it. Hear his words: “Neither let us tempt Christ, as some of them also tempted, and were destroyed of serpents” (I Cor. 19:9). Since Christ believed it, since Paul believed it—am I wise in the least measure to separate myself from them and write words or speak words or think thoughts that would create in some heart unbelief, or rejection? More foolish than the most foolish would I be to class this sacred symbol with some obsolete mythologies—since Jesus did not turn away from it—since Paul did not pass it by—since John did not sidetrack it. We say, with another, we do not adopt or believe all that has been *said* about it by ignorance, by

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inexperience, by perverted ingenuity, but, putting aside all the things spoken by ignorance, by inexperience, and by perverted ingenuity, we say: “I believe.”

The burning bush, the manna, the brazen serpent, David, Solomon, the Queen of Sheba, Elijah raising the widow's son, Elisha and Naaman—all these Jesus believed and referred to. So, I believe. Yes, I believe. And I am not acting foolishly to do so. Christ declared the Scriptures to be true. He does not say they *contain* the Word of God. In his prayer in behalf of his disciples, he pleads: “Sanctify them by Thy truth; Thy Word *is* truth” (Jno. 17: 17). A follower of Jesus ought to be willing to follow him in his endorsement of the Scriptures no less than in faithful service.

“Lord, I believe.”

*“Well, you don't really believe that the bush Moses saw really burned with fire without being consumed—do you?”*

A bush burning with fire without being burnt up? Yes, with wonder, I believe.



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And I also see what some scientists fail to see—that the world itself is the greatest scientific evidence of a Personal Creator. But this Personal Creator is oft “ruled out” as a “Postulate”—by some.

Now God made the sun—the sun which the Phœnicians worshiped under the name of Baal, the Moabites under the name of Chemosh, the Ammonites under the name of Moloch. And God commanded the sun (Job 9:5), and in the heavens he hath set a tabernacle for the sun (Psalm 19:4), and God “giveth the sun for a light by day, and the ordinances of the moon and of the stars for a light by night” (Jer. 31:35). And God made the sun’s fires hotter than any fires on earth. For we are told that the sun’s temperature is a little more than six thousand degrees centigrade. And we have learned that the sun sends such an abundance of radiant light to the earth that if these waves were wholly converted into mechanical energy each person’s share would be sufficient to lift a three-hundred-pound load a vertical distance of nearly twenty miles every

minute of his life. If God can, and did, set such a flaming fire-ball of such temperature and abundance in space he can surely, and did surely, make one desert bush to burn with fire and not be consumed. “And he looked, and, behold, the bush burned with fire, and the bush was not consumed” (Exodus 3:2). And this was a great sight to Moses (Exodus 3:3). But even if it was, there is nothing about it to make one to deny or to doubt the reality.

Not only so. There is a substance on earth which is not earthly, not stone, not metallic, and yet it is confounded with all these. The name of this miraculous substance which God made and put in the earth is carbon. The animal or vegetable body, in the last analysis, is carbon. Now chemically pure carbon is odorless, tasteless, infusible, eternally changeless—so far as further reduction is concerned, and it is therefore indestructible. It cannot be acted upon by acid or other reagents or solvents. A changeless, eternal, miraculous thing is carbon. Now the God who made carbon an eternal, changeless

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thing, impervious to all acids, reagents, or solvents, can make a bush burn without burning up—or out. Can he not? Surely.

Moreover, the most recent science demonstrates as a fact that the sun is surrounded with a complete envelope of carbon. Even the inconceivable fires of that great luminary, the sun, do not destroy this carbon envelope. And it is not unreasonable to believe that the great God who made the sun's fires as hot as they are—six thousand degrees centigrade—and then surrounded those sun furnaces with a carbon envelope which the sun's intense fires do not destroy could make one desert bush to burn, to burn ceaselessly, to burn brilliantly, to burn hotly, and not be consumed. But, besides that, if man has so learned the combination of Nature's safety box of valuables as to combine a dangerous inflammable and explosive gas like hydrogen with another gas like oxygen which supports combustion, to make a safe liquid, and one that is used to exterminate fire, God can certainly set one bush afire and keep that fire burning and the bush from turning to

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ashes in the flames. Don't you think? I do. And—I believe.

But again. The acetylene torch which man has invented, with its fires hot enough to burn steel rails asunder as forest fires burn straws apart, fortifies me against denial or doubt as to the burning bush. It was that type of acetylene torch which is used under water and which the waters of the ocean cannot quench that ate its way through the side of a steel submarine that sank. If man can make any sort of hot fire that can be so used and that defies the waters of the salt seas to dampen or to destroy or to quench, as he has done—can't God, who makes the moon to blossom like a huge jonquil in the great garden of the stars, make a wilderness to be bright and hot with fire without being consumed? I believe.

And again. Man has made a new radiometer which is so delicately constructed that the rays of a candle a mile and a quarter distant will turn the vanes of the device through several hundred scale divisions when focused upon the instrument. Even the glow

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of the countenance of an observer, whose face has been placed in the position before occupied by the candle, is sufficient to produce a deflection of twenty-five scale divisions.

Read *The Saturday Evening Post* of July 25th, 1925, and see what man hath done with the “faint fire that dwells in light”—and doubt not. Now if man—so wee, so meager, whose life as to length is but “a wisp of fog betwixt us and the sun,” or “the burst of music down an unlistening street”—can bring to pass such marvels with candlelight, what cannot God do with sunlight, and with the fires he can kindle? “Lord, I believe.”

And more. God, by means of the element chromium, which element confers resistance to corrosion, has made possible through man a mighty miracle—the prolonging of the life of iron. Man has found out that in a low carbon steel the tensile strength is about fifty-five thousand pounds per square inch. That is, it takes fifty-five thousand pounds to pull one square inch apart. “Add about seven-tenths of one per cent of chromium to the

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same steel, and it will have a tensile strength of one hundred thousand pounds, or over. Can any man explain what puts forty-five thousand pounds extra strength in seven-tenths of one per cent chromium, or, say, seven-tenths of a pound of chromium in one hundred pounds of soft steel?” I can’t explain it. But I do know that the great Almighty who can make such a corrosion-resisting substance as chromium—a substance which prolongs the life of iron—can prolong the life of a wilderness tree in the fire and preserve it entire and without hurt in the flames.

This from Doctor Dallinger: “A microscopic speck of radium can, if placed behind a screen of fluorescent metal, be seen to be sending out a stream of sparks forever. These sparks give light and heat, yet (a marvel!) it loses no whit of its energy. Like the burning bush, it is a miracle.” In other words, this microscopic speck of radium emits light and heat at no apparent cost to itself. It is unconsumed, though it is forever pouring out chemical and electrical



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energies. When placed in the coldness of liquid air, nay, further, when placed in the intense frigidity of liquid hydrogen all it does is to pour out light and heat, itself undiminished all the while.

Now if God can make a substance that man calls radium to do this in the hands of man, who doubts that he who made all things, did make the desert bush to be a perpetual torch burning brilliantly but not being consumed? “He who allows his belief in miracles to be reasoned away, or even shaken, by professedly scientific arguments, is, to say the least of it, sadly lacking in perspicacity, and would do well to test his conception of an *Almighty* God, and find out what he really does believe. God is a miracle, and he who does not believe in miracles does not believe in God.” I forgot who spoke the two sentences I have quoted. But my mouth is one with his in speaking that truth and my heart one with his in believing that truth.

“Lord, I believe.”

## VI

*“You don’t believe what verses twenty-two, twenty-three, twenty-four, twenty-five in the fifteenth chapter of Exodus say—do you? And you don’t believe Elisha sweetened bitter gourd pottage with meal—do you?”*

Well, let us turn to the fifteenth chapter of Exodus and see what you are talking about. Oh, yes, here it is: “So Moses brought Israel from the Red Sea, and they went into the wilderness of Shur; and they went three days in the wilderness, and found no water. And when they came to Marah, they could not drink of the waters of Marah, for they were bitter . . . and the people murmured against Moses, saying, What shall we drink? And he cried unto the Lord; and the Lord shewed him a tree, which, when he had cast into the waters, the waters were made sweet!”

And what does the Bible say about Elisha

and the bitter pottage? This, as found in Second Kings the fourth chapter: “And one went out into the field to gather herbs, and found a wild vine, and gathered thereof wild gourds, his lap full, and came and shred them into the pot of pottage . . . so they poured out for the men to eat . . . and it came to pass as they were eating of the pottage, that they cried out and said, O thou man of God, there is death in the pot. And they could not eat thereof!” Then Elisha said: “Then bring meal.” “And he cast it into the pot; and he said, Pour out for the people that they may eat. And there was no harm in the pot.” There it is! Do I believe that the tree God showed Moses sweetened the bitter waters and that the meal sweetened the bitter pottage? I do—with all my heart, and with all my mind, and with all my soul and with all my strength, to-day and to-morrow, now and forever!

To-day man takes the black and crude coal from the dark bowels of the earth and gets from it brilliant dye-stuffs, healing medicines, gorgeous paints, exquisite perfumes,

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and flavoring extracts. And man also takes the cast-off and cast-out coke from black ovens and sooty furnaces; and from it he gets coal tar from which he gets a substance five hundred times sweeter than honey! Since man can do such—and does bring such marvels to pass to-day—it was not at all impossible for God, ages ago, through his prophets, to sweeten bitter waters and to make palatable green-gourd pottage, even if that pottage were seasoned with gall and quinine!

God made coal. And the by-products from coal almost awake in us a primeval faith in magic. Man to-day gets from coal other products which we have not mentioned as yet, products indispensable to present day standards of living, such as antiseptics, disinfectants, wood preservatives, food preservatives, explosives, fertilizers, and materials which the photographer must use. All of which makes believing hearts to sing: “O Lord, how manifold are thy works! In wisdom hast thou made them all; the earth is full of thy riches!”

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Moreover, man has combined toluene, a coal tar distillate, which smells like gasoline, with chlorine, one of the poison gases used in the war, and by treating it with another deadly poison, cyanide, has made a wonderful-smelling, non-poisonous, health-aiding substance called phenyl-ethyl-alcohol—and this, even this, is a harmless medicine suitable for children. How any man can believe what man hath wrought but hesitates to believe and finds impossible to accept anything set forth in the Bible appearing at all mysterious and strange, such as Naaman's being cured of his leprosy, the fire's coming down from heaven and consuming “the captain and his fifty,” or Daniel's being preserved “whole and intact” in the den of lions, or the virgin birth, or the resurrection of Christ, I cannot comprehend!

But—back to the bitter waters and the gourd pottage a minute! Through the amazing, bewildering, romantic, exciting sojourns man has made into the chemical realm, he has discovered a compound which is claimed to be so sweet that one pound of it will go

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as far as a ton of sugar. If man can do that—and he does—God, who “revealeth the deep and secret things, who knoweth what is in the darkness, and the light dwelleth with him” (Daniel 2:22), can make bitter waters sweet, or make poison pottage palatable and harmless. I believe.

One other thing. In Elisha’s day corn in the form of meal made the pottage good for food. In our day, corn, in the form of smokeless powder, hastens the rise and fall of nations and stands in a relationship even to great governments never dreamt of a few years ago. When I put corn in Nature’s witness box and ask it to testify, it says: “I can be pressed into corn oil; I can be put in vats and come out corn whiskey, or alcohol, or made into starch, dextrine, and glucose; and when I am made into alcohol I may be used as the menstruum that keeps and preserves the medicinal elements found in tinctures, fluid extracts, tonics, or patent medicines. And, since this is so, I am a complex affair indeed.” And, while corn is coming out of the witness box, let me say that since



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man can bring to pass marvelous achievements with things he has discovered in corn and in corn meal, who can deny but that there is something in meal that man has not as yet discovered (but which God has known from the beginning) which, in small quantities, could sweeten big pots of seething and poisonous pottage?

“Lord, I believe.”

*“You don’t believe that water came forth from the rock when Moses struck the rock—do you?”*

Yes, with reverence, I believe. The Bible says: “And Moses lifted up his hand, and with his rod he smote the rock twice; and the water came out abundantly, and the congregation drank, and their beasts also” (Numbers 20: 11).

I don’t have any trouble in believing that, all that, when I remember what man has done in getting sulphur out of the earth. For centuries sulphur lay in the earth awaiting the time when God would put it to good and great uses. Doctor Landon tells us that

sulphur is now liquefied in the earth by the Frasch process, and then pumped to the surface to commence its life of usefulness. This is exactly what is done near Lake Charles, Louisiana. And all of us who have visited sulphur mines have heard of, or have seen, this method of operation.

Herman Frasch's method of mining makes available vast supplies of sulphur eight hundred to one thousand feet below the surface of the earth. The sulphur is melted deep in the earth by superheated steam, and then raised to the surface in a molten condition. Miracle this—miracle wrought by man! Man now pumps sulphur out of the earth ninety-nine per cent pure, and at the rate of five hundred tons per day. Think of that! Sulphur which resists being made wet and is inert toward most acids, proving it possesses insulating qualities, is melted deep in the earth by man who has made water into superheated steam. And if I believe what Herman Frasch wrought in this respect in pumping sulphur, after he had liquefied it thousands of feet under the surface of the earth

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by superheated steam, I hesitate not one second of any minute to believe what God Almighty wrought in bringing crystal waters from a flinty rock.

Consider something else. Where seventy-seven years ago the starving, thirst-parched members of the famous Jawhawker party in Death Valley, California, sipped a life-saving draught from a shallow water hole and eagerly gnawed a piece of an ox-hoof, a crowd of merry-makers, in very recent days, dined, danced, sang, and otherwise made merry in celebration of the formal opening of a new twenty-four-thousand barrel artesian well in the desert.

If man can take his tools and dig or drill a hole in the desert through the rocks under the sands of the desert and go down thousands of feet deep to the rivers of clear water God put under the desert and bring to the surface in a never-ceasing and plenteous stream thousands of barrels of water every day, cannot God who “commands the clouds” (Psalm 78: 23) and “cutteth out rivers among the rocks” (Job 28: 10) “and

weigheth the waters by measure and the mountains in scales” (Job 28: 25 and Isaiah 40: 12) make a rock give forth water for the saving of the life of man and beast—if he chooses? I believe.

And as long as I know what man does in liquefying sulphur deep in the earth and pumping it up ninety-nine per cent pure at the rate of five hundred tons per day, I will not doubt, though many question-mark placers go forth swaggeringly sowing surmises, proudly planting probabilities and perhapses, making maybes mighty by misinterpretation, giving quaquaversal quips where guidance should be guaranteed and faith manifested. As long as I know of that artesian well in Death Valley spouting twenty-four thousand barrels of water a day from deep under the sands of the desert I will believe what the Bible says took place in the desert of Zin and at Horeb.

Yes, even though there may be those who, by doubts without foundation, by questionings that deserve no commendations, would

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make our intellectual atmosphere oft unhealthy, our psychology frequently destructive, our philosophy oft superficial and immoral, and the faith of our fathers a buffoon's bauble—I believe. And I will not doubt even though many rise up and put a question mark solidly after every great spiritual affirmation.

“Lord, I believe.”

*“You don't believe that the shadow on the sun-dial of Ahaz went backward ten degrees—do you?”*

Yes. That also I believe. All that Isaiah said to Hezekiah, all that Hezekiah said to Isaiah, all that God did in answer to Isaiah's cry of prayer, I believe. What impossible thing is there about it all—if we acknowledge the fact of God? Read the record: “And Hezekiah said unto Isaiah, What shall be the sign that the Lord will heal me, and that I shall go up into the house of the Lord the third day? And Isaiah said, This sign shalt thou have of the Lord, that the Lord

will do the thing that he hath spoken—shall the shadow go forward ten degrees, or go backward ten degrees? And Hezekiah answered, It is a light thing for the shadow to go down ten degrees; nay, but let the shadow return backward ten degrees. And Isaiah the prophet cried unto the Lord; and he brought the shadow ten degrees backward, by which it had gone down in the dial of Ahaz!” (II Kings 20:8-11.)

And in Isaiah the thirty-eighth chapter we find the same words: “Behold, I will bring the shadow of the degrees, which is gone down in the sun-dial of Ahaz, ten degrees backward. So the sun returned ten degrees backward by which degrees it was gone down” (Isaiah 38:8).

Well, astronomers teach us that the mathematical law of the motion of satellites is this: “All satellites advance from west to east around their primary bases.” No astronomer denies that from west to east this earth on which we live moves. Nor do any who believe the mysteriously mysterious things astronomers tell us deny that mathe-



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matical law of motion for satellites. From west to east moves the moon, God's moon, around our earth, God's earth. From west to east moves Mars, God's Mars, around the sun, God's sun. Jupiter has its four moons; and from west to east they advance around the parent planet. And even as people from Moses and Euclid to Coolidge believe that two times two makes four, so do high school boys and math "sharks" and astronomers agree in believing and in teaching that all satellites advance from west to east around their primary bases.

*But*—now listen—the planet Uranus, which is one billion seven hundred eighty-one million miles away, which travels around the sun once in eighty years, going at the speed of fifty miles an hour, has six moons. And all six of these moons, like "prodigal" daughters defying and holding in scorn all the accredited laws for the motion of other satellites, violate this law by what astronomers call "retrograde motion." Instead of advancing from west to east these lovely satellites, all six of them, like obstinate chil-

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dren seeking to do the opposite, advance from *east* to *west*. Thus they violate the established law.

Professor Rimmer, President of the Research Science Bureau, making this comment on this astronomical truth as he, with confident assurance, seeks to bring out Bible reliability and accuracy, says: “No man knows a reason for this. I have frequently thought that the Creator put these six satellites in reverse motion just to show that he had a reverse gear if he chose to use it! Or that he wished to show that even if he established a law, he himself was superior to that law, and could do the reverse if he so desired. The thought is very humorous to me, and I love to indulge it; but whatever the reason may be, here is an orderly, established proceeding that is contrary to natural law.” To all of which we agree—including the humorous, very humorous thought.

“Lord, I believe.” I believe that Hezekiah lay dying. I believe that, in response to his plaintive prayer, God promised to add fifteen years to his life. I believe that, to

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confirm the truth of this promise, God offered a sign, offered to work a miracle. I believe that he asked Hezekiah to go out in the court and look at the sun-dial of Ahaz, his father. I believe that God said: “I will make the shadow on the sun-dial back up ten degrees.” I believe that Hezekiah looked and that, as he looked, he saw the black shadow move back ten degrees, which ten degrees it had already “gone down”!

If man who made a great three-hundred-ton engine can put it in reverse motion, or if man makes a ship go in reverse motion, or makes a gyroscope top to dance for several minutes on top of a pedestal, or makes an automobile go in reverse, the great God, who made the world of planets and satellites showing forth one planet—wondrous Uranus—with its six moons working in reverse, can and did turn the shadow on the sun-dial back ten degrees! Yes, I believe. For the answer to every question the mind can raise can be written, and *is* written for *me*, this day and every day, in three letters—G O D ! As long as I can believe that the balance

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wheel of my watch reverses only to steady the hands in their unhalting sweep around the dial, I will not doubt. And my belief urges me to believe that God is equal to any demand, and all the more so if a moral reason lies behind it.

"Lord, I believe."

## VII

*“You don’t believe that so large a body of people as were the Israelites started from Egypt and got out in the time stated—do you?”*

Yes, with gratitude, I believe. *Why* could not nearly three million slaves get up and get out of Egypt in so short a time? They had had adequate opportunities of preparation and organization. But some to-day, with faith-flouting flutes and flippant fifes and clashing conjectural cymbals, have said and have written that the difficulties attending the moving of such a mass of people, together with women, children, and cattle, must have made it impossible for the Israelites to have left Egypt in the time stated. But when we remember the attitude in which the Israelites ate the Passover, the urgency of the Egyptians who wanted them to get out (Exodus 12:33), and the facility

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with which Eastern people break up their abodes, the difficulty disappears where any measure of faith is, and clouds of doubts are weakened into thin vapors that vanish utterly, like wisps of fog before the hot breath of a summer sun.

Ponder for a moment, please, their eating of the Passover: “And thus shall ye eat it; with your loins girded, your shoes on your feet, and your staff in your hand, and ye shall eat it in haste” (Exodus 12:11). Consider the urgency of the Egyptians: “And the Egyptians were urgent upon the people that they might send them out of the land in haste; for they said, We be all dead men” (Exodus 12:33). And again: “Because they were thrust out of Egypt, and could not tarry, neither had they prepared for themselves an victual” (Exodus 12:39).

“Lord, I believe”—believe though all the world offer objections.

But there is, Dr. John Urquhart points out, a modern instance of an evacuation of territory which sheds a welcome light upon this of the exodus. It is mentioned by Dean



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Stanley in his *Lectures on the Jewish Church*. In 1761, during the reign of Empress Elizabeth Petrowna, an entire Tartar tribe, numbering four hundred thousand, left Russian territory in one night. They took women and children and cattle with them. Then they made their way over several thousand miles of steppe, stretching from the banks of the Volga to the confines of the Chinese empire, where they were hospitably received by the emperor of China. The Russian empress pursued them with her artillery, as Pharaoh pursued the Israelites with his chariots; but so swift were the movements of the fugitives that the pursuit was vain. This comparatively recent experience will, as Doctor Urquhart says, and as Dean Stanley shows, modify, even maul, unto annihilation the doubt of any honest mind as to the difficulty of the exodus from the human view point. And when we remember that God, the omnipotent God, was Israel's Helper and Guide, the difficulty receives its death wound.

As long as I can believe what the Tartar

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tribe did in 1761, I shall continue to believe what the book of Exodus says about the Israelites leaving Egypt's territory, freed by the hand of God from the oppressor's yoke and lash. Does not the Bible say: “He brought them out that he might bring them in”? It does. “And the Lord brought us *out* from thence that he might bring us *in*, to give us the land which he swore unto our fathers” (Deut. 6: 23). “He brought them out of darkness and the shadow of death, and break their bands in sunder” (Psalm 107: 14). “Out of their bondage, sorrow, and night into his freedom, gladness and light,” he brought them. And I believe it.

The astronomer Copernicus, when dying, we are told, lamented that he had never seen the star Mercury. Mercury lies so near the sun that it is generally lost in the effulgence of the great burning lord of day; and Copernicus, though he looked all his lifetime for the star, never saw it. It should be a like lament, till the last hour of life's brief day, that there are those who read the Bible and regard it but a product of man, and have not

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seen in the delivery of a nation from Egypt's yoke the work of him who holds the universe in the hand of his omnipotence and beneath the eye of his omniscience and close to the heart of his love.

But because Copernicus never did see Mercury is no evidence that Mercury was not there, and *is* not there. Neither does it mean because there are those who do not believe, that the Lord did not “with an high arm bring them out of Egypt” (Acts 13: 17). Wild talking and bold sneering by those in the throes of sad doubt-delirium does not make what the Bible says about the moving of millions of slavery-burdened, slavery-tortured people counterfeit. Not at all. “Lord, I believe!” Denial does not mean the annihilation of truth, of history, of fact. Just here a quotation from Shannon seems fitting: “Even the depraved educational tastes, for which Ruskin condemns us, should not permanently doom us to garlic and flesh pots when the Tree of Life bends its luscious fruit right across our pathway.”

“Lord, I believe.”

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*“You don’t believe there was a man named Goliath and as large as Goliath—do you?”*

Yes, I believe. I believe that there was a big man from Gath named Goliath. And I believe he was as large as the Bible says and carried a spear as big as the Bible says, even as big as a weaver’s beam (I Sam. 17: 7). I believe that the weight of his coat of mail was five thousand shekels of brass, or approximately one hundred fifty-seven pounds avoirdupois. I believe that his spear’s head weighed “six hundred shekels of iron,” or nineteen pounds. I believe that in height Goliath was nine feet and eight inches, taking the cubit at about eighteen inches, or that he was over ten feet high, taking the longer cubit.

Why should not I believe what the Bible says about Goliath, in I Samuel the seventeenth chapter, when I believe what Pliny says (Nat. Hist. VII. 16) as he asserts that Pusic and Secundilla, who lived in the reign of Augustus, were over ten feet high. *The*

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*London Times*, of June 14th, 1880, describes a reception given at the Royal Aquarium by Chang, of Peking, eight feet two inches tall; Brustad, a Norwegian, seven feet and nine inches high; and Che-mah, a Chinese dwarf only twenty-five inches high!

We do not doubt the statements that others, others now long dead, left us in written record as to the size of the big men numbered among the giants. Surely we do not deny that there were giants in those days when we, in reading, gather the following from several sources:

Captain Bates, a native of Kentucky, was eight feet tall, and was exhibited in London in 1871! His wife, Anna Swan, was the same height.

And William Bradley, born in 1787, birth duly registered in the parish church of Market Weighton, in Yorkshire, died in 1820 (his right hand preserved in the museum of the College of Surgeons) was seven feet nine inches tall.

And Charlemagne was nearly eight feet in height, and was so strong he could squeeze

together three horseshoes with his hands.

And Patrick Carter was eight feet seven and one-half inches in height; and this Irish giant, a cast of whose hand is preserved in the museum of the College of Surgeons, died at Clifton, Bristol, in 1802.

And William Evans, the porter of Charles I, died in 1632, being eight feet tall.

And Gabara, the Arabian giant, mentioned by Pliny, was nine feet nine inches.

And time would fail me to write fully of John Frederick, Duke of Brunswick, who was eight feet six inches; of Louishkin, Russian giant, eight feet five inches in height, who was drum major of the Imperial Guards; of Cornelius Magrath, orphan reared by Bishop Berkley, who was seven feet ten inches at sixteen years of age; of John Middleton, born in the reign of James I, nine feet three inches tall, his hand seventeen inches long and eight inches and one-half wide; of Thomas Hall, of Willingham, who was three feet and nine inches at the age of three. And on—and on.

But, coming nearer home and nearer our



own times, one of the recent publications with a wide circulation tells of a large man who lived in Crockett County, Tennessee. He was Miles Darden, who died in Hardin County in 1857. He was seven feet and six inches tall and weighed more than a thousand pounds. It took thirteen yards of cloth, cloth one yard wide, to make him a coat! Page Goliath, please!

And so, with all these vouched for, real giants stalking about our mental camp grounds, let us ask, why deny the accounts of the giants mentioned in the Bible when we know of such men having lived in our own midst?

Moreover, I show as much reason—and as much broadness—to believe that a man named Goliath, and as big as the Bible says Goliath was, lived in the days of David as I do to believe that a man as small as Charles S. Stratton, lived in Connecticut, being two feet and one inch tall and weighing twenty-five pounds when he was twenty-five years old—this little fellow exhibited for years by Mr. Barnum as *Tom Thumb*! I am—and

I boast not—showing just as much sense to believe that a man as big as Goliath carried a spear as big as a weaver’s beam, or that Og, king of Bashan, had an iron bedstead fifteen feet long and ten feet wide (if the longer cubit is accepted) as Deuteronomy the third chapter saith, as I am to believe that a woman as small as Lavinia Warren—a “most intelligent and refined young lady, well educated and an accomplished, beautiful, and perfectly developed woman in miniature”—married Tom Thumb in 1863 and was exhibited all over the country as “Betsy Bump.”

I will not doubt, though all the dimensions of the giants in the Bible be denied and disputed, even though the very existence of such persons in the past be denied—no, not so long as I have been introduced by the historian to Miles Darden and to the porter of Charles I! And—not so long as I believe what my grandfather and my grandmother told me of Charles S. Stratton (Tom Thumb) and of Lavinia Warren, even “Betsy Bump.”

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“Lord, I believe.” I will not swallow camels and strain out gnats. I will not ford a river and drown in a brook. I will not break chains and become entangled in the strands of a spider’s web. I will not carry off the gates of Gaza and afterwards fall beneath the weight of a cup of chaff!

*“You don’t believe frogs and locusts came up and covered the land of Egypt—do you? Did all that happen in Moses’ day?”*

Yes, without wild astonishment, I believe. Yes, all that happened in Moses’ day. God had said: “I will smite all thy borders with frogs; and the river shall bring forth frogs abundantly, which shall go up and come into thine house and into thine bed chamber, and upon thy bed, and into the house of thy servants, and upon thy people, and into thine ovens, and into thine kneading troughs” (Exodus 8: 2-3). I believe God said that to Pharaoh through Moses, his servant. And I believe that when “Aaron stretched out his hand over the waters of Egypt” that

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“the frogs came up and covered the land of Egypt” (Exodus 8:6). The frogs came in companies, in battalions, in regiments, in armies. They came “in number such as if each vesicle of blood in all the volume of the flood that rolled between the banks of the Nile . . . had quickened to a frog.” As Doctor Wilkinson has so well said in his poem, “The Epic of Moses”:

“So all

Made for the shore and occupied the land.  
Rank followed rank, in serried order, they  
Resistless by their multitude and urge,  
Each rank advancing, by each rank behind—  
An insupportable invasion, fed  
With reënforcement inexhaustible  
From the great river rolling down in frogs! . . .

“With impudent intrusion, leap by leap  
Advancing, those amphibious cohorts pushed  
Into the houses of the people, found  
Entrance to the chambers where they slept,  
And took possession of their very beds.  
The kneading troughs wherein their bread was  
made,  
The subterranean ovens where they baked  
The loaves, the Egyptians with despair beheld  
Become the haunts of the loathed tenantry.

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The palace, nay the person, of the King  
Was not exempt. His stately halls he saw  
Furnished to overflowing with strange guests  
Unbidden.”

Yes, I believe that the frogs, “the infestation foul exploring the coasts of Egypt, seeking place and space,” came up and covered the whole land of Egypt. And in it all I see that the Egyptians who worshiped frogs were surfeited with their gods. I believe also that this dread plague was also a “dire plague of noise”—that the night incessantly resounded with the mournful, raucous inharmony of their “choir rehearsals,” the shrill frog tenors croaking, the deep frog basses booming, the frog altos raspingly shrieking, the high and strong sopranos vaulting from one high note to another, noisily. Frogs, frogs, frogs! Frogs everywhere! Croaks, croaks, croaks! Croaks everywhere, in field and in parlor, assaulting every ear! The same blatant clamor making the day *loud* with noise, making the night *hideous* with noise!

And I believe that “the locusts went up

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over all the land of Egypt” and “covered the face of the whole earth, so that the land was darkened, and they did eat every herb of the land . . . and there remained not any green thing in the trees or in the herbs of the field through all the land of Egypt” (Exodus 10: 14-15).

Yes, I believe it all. And in so believing I am not believing anything beyond the border of the possible and the real. Something like that happened in California recently, even in January 1927, in our own good land. But had what happened in California recently happened in Egypt centuries ago and the record had been given in the Bible, some would scrutinize it with question-mark glasses and would then proceed to publish abroad their denials and their belief in its utter impossibility.

Here is what I refer to, as it has been printed in the current press: “The cats of Kern County’s lowland area are having experiences which rarely or never come into the feline existence. They are retreating in fear and confusion before the tumbling



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herds (notice those two words) of mice which have infested an area of ninety-six square miles around Taft, Maricopa, Fellows, and Ford City.” And again: “Merced has thrown a small army of cats from its city pound into the area to reënforce the local felines. Poisoned grain sprinkled in newly plowed furrows across the path of the rodent invasion is killing them by the tens of thousands.” And again: “The cats run away when they see a drove of mice coming.” And again—and this happened in California in 1927: “Each morning the first job is to clear the house and the out buildings of dead mice and then the yard and surroundings, and the task is a tremendous one.”

Or this: “The Federal Bureau of pest control launched a fight against herds of mice in Kern County, California, where the pests have destroyed many thousands of dollars worth of grain; millions of mice have been killed by mass beats, and poison traps have killed untold thousands.”

Or this, from the *Atlanta Journal* of February 13th, 1927:

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“Imagine some thirty thousand acres of old lake bed depression, dried up and devoted to grain fields and pasturage . . . the area populated with some forty million gray, gnawing, alert little mice . . . with strong instincts to multiply in numbers and to migrate in droves to new areas; then vision the sky above dotted with soaring birds of prey—you will have a rough picture of the mice fields of Kern County on which a ruthless campaign of slaughter will be carried out during the next thirty days.”

And note these other expressions: “The gray hordes,” “hundreds of thousands met a rather messy death on the highways,” “the mice plague reaching its present proportions!”

And note this statement: “Scores of farmers in this section are firm believers that the age of miracles has not passed. If you do not agree with them they will challenge you to call by any other name the strange phenomena of thousands of sea gulls suddenly sweeping down out of the blue—more than three hundred miles from the nearest

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bit of ocean—and turning in favor of those harassed farmers the tide of battle in Kern County’s plague of mice.”

Why should I doubt or deny or question the plague of the millions of frogs and of the locusts that darkened the land in Egypt in Pharaoh’s day and believe without hesitancy the plague of the millions of mice that came and covered thirty thousand acres in California?

And the blessing of the greedy sea gulls? When I remember that, with reproducibility of the young mice beginning at three months, a single pair of mice can multiply in the space of three years, as government agents estimate, into an army of a million, I will not fail to believe that the locusts and frogs covered the land of Egypt. Not I. Not I—now. Not I—ever.

The Bible says: “And the frogs died out of the houses, out of the villages, and out of the fields; and they gathered them together upon heaps; and the land stank” (Exodus 8: 13-14). I believe that.

And the newspapers of January say this

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of the mice: “Poison barrages of grain are maintained constantly against the mice that have covered the ninety-six square miles of land in their migration. One of the big jobs has been to bury the rodents, killed by the hundreds of thousands with the poisoned grain.” I believe that. If I do not, I must call many newspapers liars all.

And as long as I believe that which happened in the very recent days, I am going to believe what the Bible says about the frog invasion in Pharaoh’s day. And as long as I believe that the tumbling herds of mice covered ninety-six square miles of land in California and were killed and buried by the tens and hundreds of thousands every morning, I am not going to believe anything anybody says in denial of or in question-mark placing and scoffing as to the invasion of the leaping, croaking, frog cohorts and as to the buzzing, raucous locusts that covered the land of Egypt centuries ago.

“Lord, I believe.”

## VIII

*"You don't believe that it actually rained bread from heaven—do you?"*

Yes, with praise, I believe. I cannot read the sixteenth chapter of Exodus and the sixth chapter of John and believe otherwise. "Then said the Lord unto Moses, Behold I will rain bread from heaven for you" (Exodus 16: 4). The Psalmist believed it rained bread from heaven. "They said, Can God furnish a table in the wilderness? . . . Can he give bread also? . . . And had rained down manna upon them to eat, and had given them the corn of heaven. Man did eat angels' food" (Psalm 78: 19-25). "The people asked and he brought quails, and satisfied them with the bread of heaven" (Psalm 105: 40).

The Jews believed it. They said: "Our fathers did eat manna in the desert; as it is written, he gave them bread from heaven to eat" (John 6: 31).

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Jesus, the Father's comprehensibility and visibility, believed it rained bread from heaven. “Your fathers did eat manna in the wilderness, and are dead” (John 6:49). And, referring to the same event, Jesus said: “I am the living bread which came down from heaven” (John 6:51). The Jews, Jesus, Paul (I Cor. 10:3),—all these—believed in the supernatural supply of bread. And if I am foolish to believe it really rained bread from heaven, then I am as foolish as the Jews, as foolish as Jesus, as foolish as Paul, as foolish as Moses, as foolish as the wisest of earth, as foolish as the faith which God approves. And I make no apology for being that foolish.

It seems strange to me that some scientists who tell us that every breath a man draws affects the general level of the Atlantic, that every lifting of our hands sends a motion to the stars, would doubt or question that God sent bread from heaven to succor his people in the wilderness. Why, on every hand, every day, we see a repetition of the manna miracle. From above does all food come



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Doctor Parker was right, who said: “You mistake if you think you find your food elsewhere than from heaven. No sky, then no wheat; no cloud overhead, then no garden round about; no firmament, then no earth; no rain from above, no beauty, no fragrance of flowers, no summer feast.”

I believe. God is never conscious of strained resources and inadequate powers. The omnipotent God is sufficient to meet the needs and wants of man. A big God can do big things. But every grain field, botanists tell us, gets the greater part of its growth, not from the soil, but from above—from the air, from sunshine, from rain. One says: “Bread is sometimes locked up in the cloud. The molding hand of God is in the dewdrop as well as in the infinite constellations which seem to crowd the very amplitude of infinity.”

Those stone deities of Egypt (which the Israelites had seen) “gazing out across the desert sands with unblinking eyes, knowing no change, making no sign through the centuries, deaf, dumb, heedless”—*they* could

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not give the people bread from anywhere. But our God, the God who “exercised loving kindness, judgment, and righteousness, in the earth” (Jeremiah 9:24), could—and did—open an apiary and a bakery in the wilderness.

That bountiful meal in the wilderness was a reality. And he who fed, will feed; he who so led, will lead. And that is our confidence. That is our rejoicing. If man to-day can take the white bones of an animal and charr them in an iron cylinder and take red wine and run it through the bone-black and make that wine colorless, God can bring out of the atmosphere, as blessed bread, rain, and put on the face of the wilderness for his hungry people to gather “the small round thing, as small as the hoar frost on the ground, . . . like coriander seed, white; and the taste of it was like wafers made with honey” (Exodus 16th chapter). We do not exclude truth by denying it. We do not label ourselves as ignorant by believing it.

“Lord, I believe.”

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*“Well, say, preacher, you don’t believe that that old long-eared, watery-eyed mule that Balaam rode, spoke—do you?”*

Oh, yes, friend, with reverent laughter, I believe. I can’t see a false color nor hear a false tone in the whole narrative—God considered, God included. I see not one statement that we ought to disclaim—not one incident of this event that we need disown. There is not one line of improbability or impossibility discoverable in the whole record as it pertains to Balaam. And still some ask: “Did the dumb ass rebuke the perverse prophet?” “We—childish, foolish, vain—are busy with little puzzles in the history of miracles, whilst the infinite impeachment is uttered by all the thunders of heaven.”

Yes, and the marvels connected with man’s preserving the tones of the human voice and the song of the nightingale and the chirp of the wren and the buoyant blast of the bugle in wax cylinders, in wax discs, and compressing all the vocal volume of mighty choruses into the microscopic point of a

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needle, makes ridiculous the riddle-loving doubters who are excited into noisy denials by the miracles of the “smallest quantity and the feeblest quality.” And yet, though the wax phonograph cylinders that become vocal at the touch of the needle’s point speak to us, some wonder if the ass did really speak to Balaam.

That the ass should speak by the power of God is not a more astounding circumstance than that man could make a device called the seismograph which records the slightest inward convulsion or the weakest shudder in the heart of the earth, or that man has made a telephone which repeats in New York the hum of a mosquito in New Orleans. I believe all the Bible says about Balaam’s ass—because I know the world has never moved irrationally, has never moved without controlling thought. Are not many to-day too much in psychologic and philosophic kindergartens when it comes to this truth?

“Lord, I believe.” I even believe that Balaam’s ass, though the female of the

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species, could by the same power that made her speak years ago, occupy some pulpits (I speak reverently) and some college chairs (I speak charitably), as wisely and as acceptably as some who have “followed the way of Balaam, the son of Beor, who loved the hire of wrong doing.” I believe, were she here, that ass, by the power of him who sayeth, “But ask now the beasts, and they shall teach thee and the fowls of the air they shall tell thee,” would preach and teach more believeably and convincingly than certain in our world who call the Bible narratives “yarns” and “wild nightmares of disordered brains” and “the uncertain scribblings of somnambulists.”

I am persuaded to believe, moreover, that Balaam’s ass had more sense than Balaam showed, who represents those who “build many altars but build no character,” who represents those who think that God’s word of command could be trimmed and modified, who represents those who think and teach that the miracles of the Bible must be diluted to fit the philosophic capsules of man’s rea-

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son. And, if she showed in this day the wisdom she showed in former days, I would rather hear Balaam's ass than the preacher in New York who, in June 1927, declared: "The New Testament was written by a lot of chumps who were thick in the head." I would always prefer to sit under the sound of the voice of Balaam's ass than under the rasping sound of the scratching of the pens of these who, from their "scribbling" chairs—evidently trying to amend the speech of God Almighty, awkwardly trying to refine God's gold, boldly daring to touch God's lilies with man's mean paint—are defining God as a "multiplicity of infinities"—an impersonal something—and defining man as "the ultimate product of the calm operation of natural laws," and defining life as a "definite combination of heterogeneous changes" and defining brain as "phosphorus." These also declare thought to be the "result of atomic friction," asserting that "a religious experience is a succession of physical spasms."

But no man can do away with the miracles



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of the Bible. No man can sneer them out or laugh them out. No, not any more than you can laugh the sun out of the sky, or laugh the water out of the ocean, or laugh the salt out of the water in the ocean, or laugh the sweetness out of honey! No—you cannot sneer away the fact that Balaam’s ass talked. No; not any more than you can scoff the perfume out of flowers, or sneer music out of towers of tumultuous bells rung in unison, or ha-ha the colors out of the rainbow; or cough the phonograph and telephone—marvelous wonders they—out of the world; or scoff the butter out of milk!

God’s supernatural book will not stay where some would have it stay. It has a way of making itself felt. We ought to be wise enough not to trifle with these mysteries and wonders, for God is not a prisoner in the house he made, sitting where the universe says sit, standing when and where the universe says stand, the lackey boy of his own world house.

Yes, Balaam’s ass spoke. Peter said she did: “Balaam, the son of Beor, who loved

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the hire of wrong doing . . . but he was rebuked for his own transgressions; a dumb ass spake with man's voice and stayed the madness of the prophet" (II Peter 2:16). And I believe, as Peter believed, that by multitudes of miracles God has taught that there is something in this universe higher than all its laws, namely, a God, who "in the beginning created the heavens and the earth." Furthermore, when Balaam's ass spoke with the voice of a man she was more effective in her preaching than are some to-day who cannot stay the madness of those who talk nonsense on the edge of an abyss and put a question mark after the miracles. "Lord, I believe."

Besides, if man can perform an operation on the mule's throat and keep him from braying—if man to-day can perform an operation on a hen's throat and keep her from cackling, and on a rooster's throat to keep him from crowing, and on a kitten's throat to keep it from mewling, as has been done (if newspaper reports are at all reliable), I am willing to believe that God can open the

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mouth of an ass and make her speak with man's voice. And I do not hold myself in contempt for preferring to dwell in the house of simple faith rather than in the house of mere reason.

“And the Lord opened the mouth of the ass, and she *said* unto Balaam” (Numbers 22:28). “A dumb ass spake with man's voice” (II Peter 2:16). As long as the Bible tells me that the Lord opened the mouth of the ass, no zoölogy teacher, however brilliant, and no zoölogy book, however fine, will ever make me believe that Balaam's ass was not miraculously endowed with speech.

Not at God's mercy to vile sinners, but at God's patience with these mockers who have laughed and with these “imaginators” who invent fancies, I marvel. These cult peddlers come to the fountain of truth and dip up tiny bits of truth and then, after tincturing it with large doses of human nonsense, they go up and down the land, in pulpit and press, assiduously and sanctimoniously “selling” it with all the effrontery

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of a thief who comes but to steal and to kill and to destroy. To use a phrase of Andy Gump, or from Roscoe of “Boarding House” fame, “they must be vaccinated with a phonograph needle.” They chatter noisily, like parrots annoyed, often saying little more in agreement with the Bible than “Polly wants a cracker.” But, after all their question mark placing, after all their invention of noises for the purpose of destroying belief in the miracles, there is one rod that buds, one book that blossoms, one tree whose leaves are for the healing of the nations. I believe!

*“You don’t believe that Aaron’s rod budded and blossomed and bore almonds in one night—do you?”*

Yes, with admiration, I believe that Moses determined upon another sign and another tie that would prevent the people from going to pieces in their despair, and so—he commanded each tribe to bring a rod. And I believe each tribe did bring a rod, even twelve rods being brought (Numbers 17:6).

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And I believe that “the rod of Aaron was among their rods” (Numbers 17:6). And I believe, “Moses laid up the rods before the Lord in the tabernacle of witness.” And, through these rods, God showed them who was to retain the leadership of the people as to the priestly function. And the Book says: “And it came to pass that on the morrow Moses went into the tabernacle of witness and, behold, the rod of Aaron for the house of Levi was budded, and brought forth buds, and bloomed blossoms, and yielded almonds” (Numbers 17:8). And what the Book says, I believe—always.

Yes, all the Book says I believe. I do not join the ranks of those who use many words, making their philosophic eagles to do the work of a clucking hen, trying to show that the Almighty is not almighty. “You can only be puzzled by a miracle when you are puzzled by a God.” Somebody said: “The Bible this day, every day, calls men to any Carmel they may choose, and on the height of the solemn hill will settle any controversy in favor of faith.” And, considering now

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what man has been able to accomplish in the realm of nature, that is an appropriate quotation, a convincing truth. And our faith in the miraculous buds, the blooming blossoms, and the fruit-bearing of Aaron's rod is reaffirmed and renewed in strength.

Plant wizards have taken the wild Arizona potato and crossed it and produced the famous Burbank potato. And Burbank, the wizard of all plant wizards, took the wild beach plum, so tiny, so gnarled, so bitter that even animals, half-starved, hunting everywhere for morsels of food, would not eat it. He crossed it and made it the beautiful juicy, delicious Japanese plum. This plant wizard nonpareil, Burbank, took the wild cactus, with its poison veins, its bitter taste, its thorns, its ugliness, its hideous armament, and he made it into a thornless edible, sweet and useful for animals. And as long as I believe that Burbank, a man, took the thorns, the poison, the bitterness out of the wild cactus and made it what he did, I will not doubt that God could make, and did make, Aaron's rod to bud, blossom,



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and bear fruit over night. If man, employing the electric current, hastens the ripening of fruit and brings about the artificial ageing of wood for the manufacture of valuable violins, God can make one aged rod bloom as though it were on a branch on a tree. I believe.

God who is demanding of us, with reference to himself, unshaken and substantial faith, is not asking a thing that is unusual or strange or occult or hard when he asks us to believe that Aaron's rod budded, bloomed blossoms, and bore almonds in a single night.

Here is a farmer who believes that his spring or well water has iron in it. He takes a glassful of the water from the well or from the spring and adds thereunto a tiny bit of nutgall. If at the bottom of the glass is then precipitated a dark purplish substance, he has found out that iron is in the water, for nutgall is a test for iron. I believe that. And, believing it, I do not doubt the budding of Aaron's rod.

Here is a farmer whose doctor tells him to avoid starch and to live on gluten bread.

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How is he going to find out if there is starch in his bread? He takes a few crumbs of bread and on these few crumbs of bread he drops a few drops of solution of iodine. Now if these crumbs turn blue, the farmer knows that his bread is partly starch, for the iodine is the only thing that in this manner colors starch blue. I believe that—firmly. And I believe if man can be a pantry-Columbus and discover starch in bread, God can make a fruitless rod bear fruit.

Cynicism, agnosticism, and doubt should have no place before the rods in “the tabernacle of witness.” Now—take this. For operation of the Kimberley diamond mines, man has invented wonderful machines to which are attached grease plates. Behold one of these grease plates in operation! Over this grease plate all sorts of things tumble in rapid confusion—emeralds, opals, nails, scraps of tin, solid substances. But when a diamond strikes the grease plate the diamond sticks, because of the strange affinity between the grease and the diamond. Now if man, in his search for diamonds, can make

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a machine which will refuse opals but choose diamonds, refuse nails but choose diamonds, scorn emeralds but embrace diamonds, as some lovely girl, suitor-plagued, much sought, much wooed, rejects some fellow and accepts others, rejects *many* men and accepts *one* man, God can make a bare rod bear fruit. I believe.

By what man has done in the realm of Nature, by what man has wrought in God's world-wide field, I say the truth of Aaron's rod rings, as Swinburne might say, "like a golden jewel down a golden stair." By the frozen clods of January in which, as Shannon would say, is the mystery of April's violets, the splendor of wheat-waving meadows, the green of June valleys and mountains, the gold of Autumn corn fields, even ten thousand mystic stirrings and upward strivings and fragrant bloomings, I declare that the truth of the budding, blossoming, fruit-bearing rod among the twelve rods, sings, as I have said before, as triumphantly as the thunderous tones of a mighty organ above the feeble inharmonies of a child's

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trumpet. Out west, where, as saith one, “painted harvesters, fleet after fleet, like yachts career through seas of waving wheat,” I am reminded that man has, by machinery, reduced the time needed to handle an acre of wheat from sixty-one hours to two hours. And if man can take a wagonload of iron ore and a tree, and fashion them into a shapely automaton that has the power of hundreds of farmers, thus moving the nations out of the bread line and the famine house forever, God can make a rod to bud, blossom, and bear fruit.

“Lord, I believe.”

## IX

*"You don't believe that down at the Jordan when Jesus was baptized in the Jordan a voice was heard from way up in heaven—do you?"*

Yes, with worshipful elation, I believe. Call me "ignorant." Say I am camping in the green of "salad days." But I plead guilty of believing it.

I believe also that in the days when "Samuel ministered unto the Lord before Eli" and when "there was no open vision" (I Samuel 3: 1) that the boy Samuel heard a voice from heaven but saw no face. I believe also that in the days following Jesus' triumphant ride into Jerusalem that, in answer to his prayer, saying, "Father, glorify Thy name" (John 12: 28), then there came a voice from heaven, saying, "I have both glorified it and will glorify it again" (John 12: 28).

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I believe also that, in the hours when King Nebuchadnezzar's pride was in full flood, that “there fell a voice from heaven” (Daniel 4: 31).

I believe also that “God answered Moses by a voice” (Exodus 19: 19).

I believe, too, that when Elijah “stood upon the mount before the Lord,” after the fire and the still small voice, that to Elijah, with his face wrapped up in his mantle, there came a voice (I Kings 19: 12-13).

I believe that, on the Mount of Transfiguration, a voice out of the clouds said to the awe-smitten disciples, “This is my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased; hear ye him” (Matt. 17: 5).

Moreover, I believe that when Saul of Tarsus met Christ on the way to Damascus, those who journeyed with him heard a voice from the great distances. “And the men who journeyed with him stood speechless, hearing a voice, but seeing no man” (Acts 9: 7). That ought not to be hard for anybody to believe—if we acknowledge the fact of God. Shannon says: “Saul of Tarsus heard a voice,



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he answered a voice, he obeyed a voice; and the voice was the voice of Jesus who is turning the universe into a graphophone.”

To-day we compress Caruso into the microscopic point of a needle and fasten up one hundred instrument orchestras, saxophones and all, in a wax record ten inches in diameter—and make Caruso sing (who has been dead now these years), or the orchestra play as we wish. And if we had had the phonograph in the days of Jesus we could hear to-day the tones of his voice as he preached the great “Sermon on the Mount”—which Burke said was “the most impressive political document of all ages.” We could hear to-day—if they had had the phonograph with its recording needle centuries ago—Demosthenes in his great oration, Cicero in his oration against Cataline, Cato in his thunderings against Carthage, Jenny Lind in her marvelous singing, Washington in his Farewell, and Lincoln in his Gettysburg Address.

And—I love to think on it—had Edison lived before Christ was born and had then invented the phonograph, it would be possible

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for us to sit in our rooms to-night and hear the voices of the angels as they burst upon the shepherds that night singing of him who was born of the Virgin Mary. “And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God” (Luke 2:13). Yes, we could hear the sweet voices of these angels who came to earth and sang and went again into heaven (Luke 2:15). How I wish folks had had the phonograph then! And somebody to record the singing of the heavenly choir! How I wish the phonograph had been a reality in the days of David! We could hear to-day the four-thousand-instrument orchestra which David got together to praise the Lord, or David thrumming the harp he played before King Saul!

Oh, for a phonograph—in some vast wilderness—back yonder, years ago! We could sit to-day, with howling tempests on the outside, and listen to the voice of the mocking birds, combined Mozarts, Wagners, and Beethovens in feathers, that sang in the apple tree at Appomattox when General Lee,

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the Sir Galahad of the South, surrendered that April day. Or we could listen to the whirr of quail wings or to the boom of thunder bursting about Sinai's brow—if, in the days of Moses, the phonograph had been a reality possessed.

Scientists tell us that every ray of light speeding through space at the rate of one hundred and eighty-six thousand miles per second has a definite phonetic value, that there is an appreciable musical sound to every ray of light. And, we know, we *all* know, that a man now, by means of the radio, can sit in his home with every window shut and, after “tuning in,” can hear from his house in New Orleans the hand-clapping encoring a jazz number from a jazz orchestra in Canada.

With the simple greeting “Hello, London,” spanning the Atlantic Ocean with the speed of light, radio telephone service between New York and London has been inaugurated. Walter S. Gifford, president of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, called up Sir Evelyn P. Murray,

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Secretary of the British Post Office, in London to open the service formally. He and Sir Evelyn chatted for a few minutes, after which commercial service was open to the public. Thirty-nine calls were handled on the opening day. The Lord Mayor of London talked with Mayor Walker of New York. The voices were heard clearly at both ends. The voice traveled over a wire circuit of eight hundred and fifty miles and sixty-three hundred miles of ether. I believe that. Recently Atlanta talked to London, the connection being made in thirty-seven seconds! To-day, by means of D'Albe's octophone, man can make light audible. So!

Not only so! It is now a common occurrence, by means of a pick-up transmitter that faithfully reproduces all voice vibrations from fifty per second to five thousand per second, and by means of vacuum tubes that feed the output of such transmitter into a special net work of long-distance lines, for the President to speak in Washington so as

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to be heard practically through the length and breadth of the land.

To-day, man, by means of the stethoscope, can make heart beats as loud as hammers pounding anvils—can make respiratory murmurs sound like the fall of heavy feet on wooden stairways—can make the faintest whispers sound like roaring winds. Dr. Cabot of Harvard, one of the greatest authorities on heart diseases, has made, in the Columbia Phonograph studios, electro-stethoscope records of human hearts in all their vagaries. And it will be possible, because of this accomplishment, for doctors one hundred years from now to listen to the beating of a heart that beats to-day in the bosom of a tender maiden or in the chest of a great giant,—hearts which, by that time, will be lumps of lifeless dust. Now if man can do that—cannot the great God who made the ear make any silence to become clamorous with voices loud, or full of whispers with voices faint? I believe.

Not only so. In the industrial field, the

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electrical stethoscope makes it possible to hear the working in bridge and dock timbers of the diabolically destructive marine boring worms, known as “teredos.” In entering piling these teredos make only minute holes; but in destroying the interior of piling with their boring organs, they must make some noise—slight rasping noises, faint, very faint, like feeble raucous whispers. And one boring worm makes a noise no louder than the slightest pin scratch or the touch of a sparrow’s wing on a velvet cushion. But—doubt not—the electrical stethoscope picks that slight noise up and amplifies it so as to be plainly heard.

Now if man, by means of this sound-detection device, can hear teredos gnawing away on the interior of piling many feet under water, I have no difficulty in believing that Saul of Tarsus, the Aristotle and the Demosthenes of the Jewish race, could hear and did hear a voice from heaven calling his name, questioning him, accusing him.

And if I can believe that a doctor to-day, by using a dynamoscope, can detect the



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slight murmurs in the fibrillary contraction of a muscle, I can, without difficulty, believe Jesus heard a voice from heaven when he was baptized by John the Baptist in the river Jordan.

“Lord, I believe.”

*“Do you really believe that the iron gate spoken of in Acts the twelfth chapter and tenth verse opened to them without key?”*

Believe it? I do—giving hospitality to no hint of a doubt. Did God create the universe and then become its victim? A long time before the “reign of law” became a phrase, the universe was a fact. No skeptic with his sneers, no atheist with his jeers, no scientist with his discoveries, no scholar with his doubts—no anybody can make God a pallid, emaciated prisoner in his own universe. Is not the universe the garment of the living God? Does not God transcend his garment as the mind transcends the brain? Verily.

Hear me when I say that God is not a

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manacled inhabitant in a jail of natural law. He is not a prisoner in the house he made, sitting only where the universe says sit, standing only where the universe says stand, walking only when the universe says walk, and running only when the universe says run. He is no law-limited God, a mere superannuated butler in the world he made. God has a right to every chamber in his own house! He built it; he has the key to every room. He can enter when and where he chooses. God is independent of the laws of nature. He can overrule the rule of laws.

If a farm laborer can take a can of gasoline and drive a man-made saw and cut fifty cords of wood in a day, or milk a herd of sixty cows in an hour by the use of a man-conceived, man-made, man-run machinery, or hatch ten thousand chicks in three weeks with a featherless, cackleless, cluckless, wingless, layless incubator, I believe that God can make one iron gate open. If man can make a whirling-machine that will separate cream from milk by centrifugal force, God

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can make one gate to unfasten itself from its lock—and “open of its own accord.” If man can make, and has made, iron locks which, at the pressure of a girl’s soft hand on a lever, do lift great ships up, or lower them, and pass them through a man-dug canal from one ocean to another, God can, without key or difficulty, open a gate when he gets ready—no matter how many locks hold it.

Shannon tells us of a time-piece which consists of two leaves of aluminum, an exhausted glass tube, and a fraction of a grain of radium. He says that once every minute the radio-activity of the radium causes the aluminum leaves to move. By means of a wireless coherer, a bell rings at each movement of the leaves. Now the wonderful energy inherent in that microscopic piece of radium, it is believed, will continue to act for ten thousand years. In other words, that bell will ring “of its own accord,” without the touch of anybody’s hand, for the next hundred centuries. If man can make a com-

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bination of materials—God-created materials—do a thing like that, cannot the invisible and omnipresent and omniscient Gatekeeper open all gates—whether they be iron, or pearl, or silver, or gold, or brass? I believe.

I believe that the “reign of law” does not have a mightier grip on God than he has on the “reign of law.” I believe that God is not a dead God, not an inert God, not an absentee God, but a living, Sovereign, present, working God—and, being so, is not bothered by any “law of continuity,” not hindered in his work by any “persistence of force.” I just believe that the great God who can originate ether whirls, all nebulae, and all systems, can make an iron gate “open of its own accord” when the life of one of the pillars of the infant church is at stake—when, in one of the darkest nights of history a brutal king is bent on aiding the foes of the church to exterminate the church. He who promised that the “gates of hell” should not prevail against his church, is not a de-

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throned monarch in the realm of nature seeking to make himself felt in a world of confused jargon.

“Lord, I believe.”

*“You don’t believe Lot’s wife looked back and became a pillar of salt—do you?”*

Do I believe it—really? Yes, really, very really. Jesus believed it. He said, “Remember Lot’s wife” (Luke 17:32). God who made the great restless oceans nearly three per cent. salt by weight, can turn flesh, blood, and bones into salt.

“Next to the New Testament, the strongest arguments for the supernatural are found in modern mechanics, biology, chemistry, electrophysics, and astronomy!” That is a truth that ought to be shouted from every housetop and whispered in every closet. How any man can believe the wonders found in these realms and doubt any miracle spoken of in the Bible is more than I can understand. Surely he, whether he is conscious of it or

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not, is “off” in his head and awry in his heart. Somebody said, somebody wiser than I, but with no stronger belief in the old Book than I: “The man who says he cannot believe in miracles because of scientific discovery does not know much of real scientific discovery, for if a little scientific journeying has predisposed man to unbelief, much scientific discovery will compel him, as Kelvin says, to faith as the only possible alternative for an honest mind.”

With the above statements in mind, I am urged to say that if man to-day can mix—and does mix—turpentine, potatoes, sawdust, pitch, petroleum, coal, and lime, making from the mixture of these substances rubber identical in every respect with natural rubber, cannot God turn one foolish, disobedient little female into salt, if he so determines? Cannot the omnipotent God who made the force of gravity at the sun’s surface twenty-seven times greater than that of the earth change human flesh into salt? I believe.

Lodge says that one cubic millimeter of



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free ether contains enough energy to run a million horse-power station, working uninterruptedly for forty million years. And, judging from other marvels in modern mechanics I know of, I do not doubt it. Cannot the God who made ether and gave it this power turn less than two hundred pounds of human flesh into salt? Verily. When to-day the desert, by man's chemistry, is fleeing before a garden—why doubt what happened to Lot's wife when she looked in defiance of God's command?

Man takes water to-day, and, by heating it, expands it twelve hundred times, and gets steam—and the marvels of steam we have heard with our own ears and we have seen with our own eyes, often. What man has accomplished by changing water into steam ought to do away with doubt as to what God did to Lot's wife.

And, in chemistry, which, as one says, is much bigger and broader than what we see, or hear, or feel, or taste, or smell, sulphur burned to sulphur dioxide (a colorless gaseous compound) on contact with platinum

in the presence of oxygen, is changed into sulphur trioxide (a white opaque crystalline compound). And this, uniting with water, forms sulphuric acid.

And, consider this. To-day man takes one ton of purified sulphite pulp and produces fifteen hundred pounds of rayon, the chemical textile fiber called artificial silk. This amount of rayon is equal to forty million yards of standard yarn. Think of it! And yet, some—like Macbeth at the sight of Banquo’s ghost—seem afraid, afraid to believe that Lot’s wife was turned into a pillar of salt. Man, taking the raw material cellulose, the principal component of plant structure, treats it chemically and mechanically,—and gets—**Hark ye!**—a silk superior to natural silk in its uniformity, fine luster, and high dyeing quality. Rayon, free from the metallic salts with which real silk is freighted, is more soft and pliable than real silk.

The rayon man makes, a pure cellulose product, surpasses in gloss and brilliancy that of natural silk, for the reason, as chemists

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tell us, that the individual filaments are flatter and present a greater surface to reflect the light than the cylindrical natural silk fibers. Now if man can make hundreds of millions of pounds of rayon, an artificial silk which goes beyond the “weavings and spinnings” of silk worms, cannot God turn flesh and blood into salt? Yea, verily.

And again. God who will bring to light the hidden things of darkness (I Cor. 4:4) created what we know as black carbon and colorless oxygen—both tasteless. God also created hydrogen, a colorless and tasteless and odorless gas, fourteen and one-half times lighter than an equal volume of air and eleven thousand one hundred and sixty times lighter than water. Now—here is what I am driving at—what does man do with these created things of God? He combines this odorless, colorless, tasteless hydrogen with tasteless black carbon and with colorless, tasteless oxygen, and gets—what do you suppose? Write it in large letters, speak it aloud, WHITE SUGAR. That is all. But that’s sufficient, that marvelous ac-

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complishment is, to take away, far away, and keep away, any doubts that deny that Mrs. Lot became a pillar of salt.

Are there not those who write that strong indeed are the arguments for the supernatural found in chemistry? Since man gets white sugar to-day in the way above mentioned, I would believe the scriptural record if the Bible said that Lot's wife turned to blue paint, or to white marble, or to vinegar, or to an Egyptian pyramid!

“Lord, I believe.”

*"You don't believe the Hebrew children walked in the furnace of fire and were not burned—do you?"*

Yes. Why not? All of God's triumphs are complete. I believe that "the fire had no power upon their bodies, nor was an hair of their heads singed, neither were their coats changed, nor the smell of fire passed upon them" (Daniel 3:27). Nebuchadnezzar, the king believed it. Note: "Then Nebuchadnezzar spake, and said, Blessed be the God of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, who hath sent his angel, and delivered his servants that trusted in him" (Daniel 3:28).

The Lord to whom the creation of a sun or the creation of a glow worm or the creation of a speck of phosphorescent light are the same, performed this wonderful miracle. God who is *in* nature but who is *not* nature, created nature—and since he created it voluntarily, he can at any time arbitrarily alter

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it. Yes, God who can turn fire into water, or water into fire, made the hot blast of the fiery furnace as the cooling breeze of a sea-shore, as the breath from a fresh morning breeze. God, who is able to do exceedingly abundantly above all that we ask or think (Ephesians 3:20) did then for his children according to their need at that terrible hour. He is the God who makes gardens in the wilderness. He is the God who finds honey in the rocks. Then—he is the God who can do anything! I will not doubt.

Who created fire? God. Who created man—and men? God. And it is not “ridiculous legend” that God made three men fire-proof for just a few minutes. But some who say that ridiculous legend it is have gone so far as to say that they believe that organic germs existed for a million years in the glowing “cosmic gas and in molten granite.” They deny in one speech that the Hebrew children were preserved in the fiery furnace by the Lord and yet, in the next speech, they assert that “all life-germs, the inventive faculty, reason, and will, in all



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their manifestations were once latent in fiery cloud.” Denying the Bible miracle wrought by God, Affirming another miracle!! Strange tunes to play on one instrument—simultaneously! I say.

Give an explanation? I do not believe the Bible was written to give us an explanation of the creation, but to show us God in creation—and redemption. But I will explain all the mysteries of the miracle of the preservation of the Hebrew boys in the fiery furnace when you explain to me why *nuxvomica* kills things born with their eyes shut, such as kittens and hawks, but does not hurt things born with their eyes open, such as chickens and calves.

I will tell you all you want to know about the fiery furnace, exceeding hot, and of the three men who “fell down bound into the midst of the fire” (Daniel 3:23) when you tell me why the piece of bread that was on my table this day, but which went inside me when I swallowed it, feels pain, wills, thinks in me, as flesh and blood and brain.

I will explain the miracle of “the fire

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having no power upon their bodies” when you explain to me the unfathomable, unrid-dled miracle of the origin and growth of man in his mother’s womb—an inexplicable union and interaction of spirit and matter, soul and body. I say to those who imagine themselves “able to sound with their penny twine-balls the ocean of immensity,” what the great Book says (Ecclesiastes eleventh chapter, fifth verse): “As thou knowest not what is the way of the spirit, nor how the bones do grow in the womb of her that is with child, even so thou knowest not the works of God who maketh all.” I might offer without conceit or attitude of intellectual superiority, or levity, to tell you some other things you want to know about the Hebrew children’s experience in the fiery furnace if you will tell me what I have wanted to know, since a boy, namely, why a cow from a lying-down position gets up hind feet first and a horse, from the same position, gets up front feet first.

But if you want the explanation that utterly satisfies me as to the miracle of the

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fiery furnace you will find it in these words: “Lo, I see *four* men loose, walking in the midst of the fire, and they have no hurt; and the form of the fourth is like the Son of God” (Daniel 3:25). That is ocean enough for my little cup—God. That is rock enough for my little feet. That is anchor sufficient for my little ship. That is roof enough in any rain. That is road enough for my feet. That is salt enough for my bread.

We are told that heat that reaches the earth (God’s earth) from the sun (God’s sun) is sufficient in a day to melt a cake of ice five thousand feet thick and the size of the State of Massachusetts. I believe that. And I also believe that the God who put the sun there to give out so much heat could for a few minutes set aside law, could put himself between the Hebrew children and destruction, making the fire powerless to burn them, even as I believe that to-day man rides on fire, and fire carries him over the seas, forges his weapons, sows his corn, bakes

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his bread, weaves his clothes, warms his houses—an obedient servant.

“Lord, I believe.” And, Lord, I rejoice in thy promise, with all the truths it conceals and with all the truths it reveals: “When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee, and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee; when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee” (Isaiah 43:2).

*“You don’t believe the walls of Jericho fell down when the people blew with trumpets and shouted—do you?”*

Oh, yes. I believe that “the wall fell down flat” (Joshua 6:20). And the only explanation I desire of that miraculous deed is found in Joshua the sixth chapter and the second verse: “And the Lord said unto Joshua, See, I have given into thine hand Jericho, and the king thereof, and the mighty men of valour.” I need no other words to fortify my belief.

Why, whoever has heard of the destruc-

tion by man of Hell Gate Rock some years ago ought never to ask if he believes in the falling of the walls of Jericho. The *New York Times* said this of that event: “Over nine acres of obstructing rock formed the barrier that was destroyed yesterday. Just twenty-one thousand six hundred seventy feet of tunneling, in galleries whose floors lay from fifty to sixty-four feet below mean low tide, with walls from ten to twenty-four feet thick between them, and supported by four hundred and sixty-seven columns of rock, each fifteen feet square, had been charged with cartridges filled with explosives. In an instant the tremendous convulsion of an explosion reaching through those four miles of galleries tore the solid rock asunder, and hurled them in broken masses into the waters of the river . . . Away it flew, that viewless spark, to loose three hundred thousand chained demons buried in darkness on the cold, salt waves under the iron rocks. A deep rumble, then a dull boom, like the smothered bursting of a hundred mighty guns far away beyond the

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blue horizon, rolled across the yellow river. The work of removing the rock will begin. This—the removing of the rock—will occupy two or three years.” Now if man can do that, if one invisible spark, touching man’s explosives, can cause that much rock to be shattered, God could certainly, with his invisible hand that set the pillars of the earth in the sockets, push down the wall around one city. I believe.

If man can make a gun that will shoot an iron ball weighing hundreds of pounds that will tear down the wall of a city thirty, and even sixty, miles away, I will not doubt what God did at Jericho. To-day man has made giant steam-hammers that weigh over nine hundred tons, which, when striking, shake the earth for three miles around, at whose blows houses totter. Yet these great steam-hammers are so easily controlled and worked as to crack a pecan without damaging the kernel.

To-day man has made hydraulic presses, with a pressure of four thousand tons, which compress, bend, or cut—cut as though they

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were dough—iron plates twenty feet long and a foot thick. To-day man has made enormous cranes, worked by electricity, which move backwards and move forwards, lifting and carrying cast-iron and steel blocks two hundred and fifty tons in weight. If man can make out of the materials God has put in this universe machines that will lift such weights, God can certainly tear down one wall.

If man can take the materials God has had in this universe since “the morning stars serenaded the advent of this infant earth as it lay wrapped in swaddling clothes of light in the arms of the great Jehovah” and mix them and get a substance called dynamite, a thimbleful of which, a cupful of which, will tear down brick walls, God can from heaven, which is his throne or from earth which is his footstool, push down one man-built wall.

If man by combining explosive gelatin with an inexpensive absorbent, such as wood pulp, can get an explosive that will hurl a hill into the ocean miles away, God can



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break down any wall, take any gates off multitudinous hinges, make mountains low, exalt valleys, make crooked places straight, make rough places plain.

And I would not have you to forget that the Book that in wisdom is beyond and above all books as the wings of an eagle are beyond the wings of a sparrow in strength, says: “By faith the walls of Jericho fell down, after they were compassed about seven days” (Hebrews 11:30). It also says: “Through faith we understand that the worlds were framed by the word of God” (Hebrews 11:3).

“Lord, I believe.”

*“Well, you don’t believe that yarn about Daniel in the den of lions—do you?”*

Most assuredly. But I deny with all the resentment of my soul that the sixth chapter of Daniel is a yarn. It seems to me that anybody who has ever heard of Barnum & Bailey’s Circus ought to have no difficulty in believing that there is no yarn or suggestion of a yarn about Daniel being brought and cast into the den of lions and—preserved by him who knoweth the path which no vulture’s eye can see. Yes, preserved by him who saith: “The young lions do lack and suffer hunger, but they that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing” (Psalm 34: 10).

With certainty we say that every sea creature that swims has been tamed by man. Without any vagueness in our belief we say that every animal that walks has been made,

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at one time or another, to do man's bidding. Every reptile that crawls, every bird that flies, every “varmin” that prowls, hath come under the power of man and has been trained to do what man says.

What has man done with huge elephants? He has invaded their jungle homes, trapped them, trained them—scores of them—and employed them in carrying lumber, in pushing heavily laden wagons, in all kinds of labor. What has man done with many green-eyed Bengal tigers? He has caught them, taught them, and made them his playmates. What has man done with fierce, furious, strong African lions? He has captured numbers of them and has trained them to jump through hoops of fire, to ride horseback, to sit on high pedestals, to leave untouched—when hungry—bloody beef placed between their paws, to lie down, to stand up, to run, to roar, in obedience to man's spoken word, in obedience to the crack of man's whip. Why, once I, even I, years ago, at a circus, saw a lion open wide his cavernous and ravenous mouth and *hold* it open while

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a man, his trainer, thrust his head far down into the lion's mouth and held it there a full minute. If man, who is weak and foolish, can do that with a hungry wild animal cannot God who is omnipotent and omniscient keep hungry lions from tearing with their claws or devouring with their mouths his righteous prophet? I believe.

What has man done with the huge boa-constrictor? With the great python? Go to the circus, thou doubter, and see little women, frail as flowers, coil these hideous monsters about their bodies with impunity. Go to the animal show, thou miracle questioner, thou scoffer, consider how man has made the spotted leopard and the blood-thirsty jaguar harmless and dumb before him—and say no more that Daniel preserved in the den of lions is a myth. Go to the circus, thou sneerer, consider the obedience of the serpents of the rocks, the wild fowls of the air, the seals of the Arctic, the wild animals of the jungle, to man's wishes and whims—and believe thou what God did in shutting the mouths and locking the jaws of

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the lions to keep from hurting his great and good prophet. Go to the show, thou doubting one, and see the trained fleas, see the hungry jackal lie down with the meek lamb, see the dove and the eagle nest together, see the wolf and the rabbit romp in play—and know assuredly that if man can so control and so teach the wild things of the dens of the earth and the wild things of the air and the wild beasts of the jungle that God can surely do all, and more, than the sixth chapter of Daniel relates. “Blessed is the man who maketh a fool of himself only once.”

Yes, I believe that the God who made it so that not a dog moved his tongue against man or beast (Exodus 11:6-7) the night Israel was brought from Egypt could, and did, make it so that not a lion moved his tongue or opened his mouth against Daniel in the dark den of death. Daniel had it right when he said: “My God hath sent his angel, and hath shut the lions’ mouths that they have not hurt me” (Daniel 6: 22).

Back in those tragic days when seven sons of Saul were hanged and “they fell all seven

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together” (II Sam. 21:9) Rizpah, the daughter of Aiah, took sackcloth and spread it upon the rock, from the beginning of the harvest until water dropped upon them out of heaven, and suffered neither the birds of the air to rest on them by day, nor the beasts of the field by night” (II Sam. 21:10). Now if one little woman could do all that to protect dead bodies from fowls of the air and beasts of the field by day and by night for so long, God could protect the body of one noble prophet for one brief night, from the jaws of the lions. I believe.

And I certainly would not, in this day of grace, feel complimented to think, or to have it known of me, that I believe less than Darius believed. King Darius believed that God would deliver Daniel out of the mouths of the lions. “Now the king spake and said unto Daniel, Thy God whom thou servest continually, he will deliver thee” (Daniel 6:16). And Darius believed that God *did* deliver Daniel. Hear his proclamation: “Then king Darius wrote unto all peoples, nations, and languages that dwell in all the

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earth . . . the God of Daniel . . . the living God . . . he delivereth and rescueth, and he worketh signs and wonders in heaven and in the earth, who hath delivered Daniel from the power of the lions” (Daniel 6:25-27).

“Lord, I believe.” For I believe in the universal sovereignty of God. The God of the Bible, the God of heaven, the God of earth, is not a being within the universe, enslaved by it. God is sovereign. And I believe that Daniel was in the den, that there were live lions in the den, that Daniel spent the night in the den, that Daniel came out unhurt from the den. I say I believe that, just that, all that, just as much as I believe that back yonder years ago Philip of France went out with his army, with bows and arrows, to fight King Edward III of England, but just as they got into the critical moment of the battle a shower of rain came and relaxed the bowstrings so that they were of no effect—and Philip and his army were worsted.

Yes, I believe.



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Tyndall, the great scientist, who was by no means a believer in the Bible, admitted that if there is a God, he is Almighty, and can therefore work miracles. Bettex says of this: “Quite true, we say, and would recommend this utterance of a man of the first rank to those of tenth rank who delight in confronting miracles with science—a proceeding much like shooting at the sun with a revolver, and thinking if only the weapon were more perfect we should hit it.”

Why count almightiness out of your calculations? Why declare that omnipotence is lacking in strength and omniscience lacking in wisdom?

When I acknowledge the fact of God—and remember that this is the fundamental postulate of all rational thinking—I have no trouble in believing all the wonders spoken of in the Bible. The Red Sea parting and the walls of water standing up on either side like walls of opal and amethyst and emerald and diamond—I believe that! The Jordan dividing, the walls of Jericho falling down, the bush burning without being consumed,

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the dead man coming to life when he touched Elisha's bones, and all the rest. Nothing staggers me at all.

The Bible miracles are not half so hard to believe, when we acknowledge the fact of God, as the miraculous inventions of to-day would have been to people one hundred or two hundred years ago. Why, about one hundred years ago George Stephenson drove his little locomotive over twenty-five miles of track with a man going on before waving a flag and heralding the approaching wonder. And, we are told, in 1830 America had twenty-three miles of railroad track, or about one mile to every four hundred twenty-eight thousand eight hundred and fifty people, but to-day she has about one mile of railroad to every four hundred and twenty people.

In 1828 the school board of Lancashire, Ohio, passed the following resolution in answer to a request for the use of the school house for a debate on the practicability of railroads: “You are welcome to use the schoolroom to debate all proper questions

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in, but such things as railroads and telegraphs are impossibilities and rank infidelity. . . . God did not design that his intelligent creatures should travel across the earth at the frightful speed of fifteen miles an hour by steam . . . It is a device of Satan to lead immortal souls astray.” Think of that!

And in December, 1842, Adam Thompson of Cincinnati filled the first bathtub in the United States. The news of Mr. Thompson’s tub was quickly spread. Newspapers said that the new-fangled idea would ruin the democratic simplicity of the republic; doctors predicted rheumatism, inflammation of the lungs, etc. The wise ones agreed that bathing in winter time would result in the decline of the robust population. Philadelphia, the cradle of liberty, tried to put a ban on bathing from the first of November to the first of March. Boston, in 1845, made bathing unlawful except on the advice of a doctor. Hartford, Providence, Wilmington, and other cities, tried to block the bath habit with extra-heavy water rates. The state of

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Virginia took a slap at bathing by placing a tax of thirty dollars a year on every bath tub brought into the state. Consider that!

And remember that as late as 1896, when the automobile had become a practical machine in France, and was being rapidly developed in this country, England still had a law prohibiting any power-propelled vehicle from traveling over the public highway at a higher speed than four miles an hour, and requiring further that such a vehicle should be proceeded by a man bearing a red flag.

But why say more? Is not this enough to prove true the statement I made a bit ago, namely, that the Bible miracles are not half so hard to believe, when we acknowledge the fact of God, as the miraculous inventions of to-day would have been to people one hundred or two hundred years ago? If we believe any of the wonders brought to pass by man to-day, why should we hesitate to believe what God did in the far-away past? Why should I look around me and above me and below me, in the sky and in the sea, and see what man has wrought in the realm of

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invention for the good of mankind and believe, and yet look back and doubt what God did in miraculous power for the protection or safety or liberty of people centuries ago?

I believe.

Philip Mauro has truly written something like this, though I may not recall his exact words:

“Astronomy may reveal something of the grandeur and magnificence of God’s creation; but it can tell us nothing of his love and compassion for sinners. It may trace the course of the Milky Way, but it cannot show to perishing souls the way of eternal life. It may tell him how far the earth is from the sun, but it cannot tell the believing sinner how far God puts the sinners’ transgressions from him.

“Modern chemistry may have given us a better soap, but it has discovered no means for cleansing the heart from sin. It may produce illuminating devices and high explosives, but it cannot give light to them that sit in darkness and the shadow of death, or

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blow up the barrier that sin has placed between man and a thrice-holy God.

“Geology may show us, in the fossiliferous rocks, the graves of once living creatures, over which death has established its awful power, but it can tell us nothing about the resurrection from the dead and the restitution of all things which God has spoken by the mouth of his holy prophets since the world began.”

Science has its limitations. It has done nothing to assuage the grief that is as old as the time since Eve sat with Abel’s head in her lap and poured her tears over the face of her dead boy. It has done nothing to take the poison of sin from the human heart—nothing to eliminate the waste of sin in human life—nothing to give shape and tone to the organ splintered by the thunderbolts of sin—nothing to illuminate the dark dungeons of the soul’s despair—nothing to quicken one “dead in trespasses and sin”—nothing to make barren graves blossom with resurrection flowers—nothing to make less shallow and less wide the deep wide river



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of death—nothing to make clean the little hands that “all the perfumes of Arabia cannot sweeten”—nothing to bind up broken, bleeding hearts. And this is no disparagement of science. It is only saying that science has its realm. All science can do is to reveal a natural world by its reason. The scriptures reveal a spiritual world, and that only by faith. “But God has revealed them to us by his spirit—not in the words which man’s wisdom teacheth” (I Cor. 2: 9-13).

“Through faith we understand that the worlds were framed by the word of God” (Heb. 11: 3). The plain proclamation of God’s word is, “The natural man receiveth not the things of the spirit of God, for they are foolishness unto him, neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned” (I Cor. 2: 14).

Yes, I believe.

Though Ulysses no longer hurls his troops against the walls of Troy and it is now the enemy in the belly of the wooden horse we must guard against, I say, “Lord, I believe.”

Though there are those who, “choosing the



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livery of heaven to serve the devil in,” are attempting to draw the bolts of the citadel from the inside, I rejoice that they have not weakened the pulse or shortened the life of the old Book by so much as one hour—and still I say, “Lord, I believe.”

Though there are inexorable censors sitting like Jehoiachin before the fire in his summer palace, Bible on knee, penknife in hand, calmly mutilating the only reliable franchise of Christian hopes, I turn to the pages of that old Book which my father touched with reverent hands, which my mother stained with grateful tears, and I say, “Lord, I believe.”

Though there are some theological and some scientific snipers who, from behind certain pulpit stands and from behind certain college chairs, aim their ill-grounded propositions against the Bible, still I say, and find comfort and instruction in saying it, “Lord, I believe.”

Though there are those who mount their steeds named “Probability” and “Maybe” and “Perhaps” or “Impossibility” and “Ab-

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surdity” and gallop frenziedly along in some of our nation’s educational highways, disregarding the guide signs of “the faith once for all delivered unto the saints” (Jude 3), riding with irreverence over many articles of the Christian faith, I shall keep on saying as I go, and singing as I go, “Lord, I believe.”

Though to-day vandal feet are in some sanctuaries, desecrating the time-honored, God-approved sanctities which have made our people great, we say, “Lord, I believe.”

Though there are some who face the fat deformities of our times with modified notions of sin, pleasers of men rather than preachers of the Gospel, content to see God’s decrees lost amid the maxims and expediencies of men, God’s truth buried amid human opinions, still I remember “that Christ died for our sins according to the Scriptures and that he was buried, and that he rose again the third day according to the Scriptures” (I Cor. 15: 3-4)—and still I say, “Lord, I believe.”

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*“You don’t believe ALL that is in the Bible—do you?”*

Yes, reaffirming what I have already said, without a blush and without apology, never hiding myself in a hole of ingenious theory and evasive allegory, believing that no man has wisdom enough and power enough to vitalize the Christian faith by destroying the vitals of Christianity, believing that we gain nothing by giving up any of the miracles, I believe it all—except the lies of Satan which the blessed Bible records. And I believe all the Book says about what Satan said—and did.

Let us remember, whispering it in the closet, shouting it from the housetop, preaching it from the pulpit, asserting it in the public schools, teaching it to our children, when we rise up to face the day and when we lie down to pass the night, that the advance of science does not involve the retreat of the truth of religion. The truth of religion is never out of date. The truth of religion will never be out of date until—

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until—well, until it is out of date for the sun to emit rays of light and heat. Until it is out of date for the honey and the honeycomb to contain sweetness. Until it is out of date for flowers to have sweet perfumes. Until it is out of date for the lungs to breathe air. Until it is out of date for the stomach to desire food and out of date for the digestive organs to function. Until it is out of date for little children to laugh. Until music for the ear and for the heart is out of date. Until water for thirsty mouths and parched throats is out of date. Until, for refining processes and for heating purposes and for cooking accomplishments, fire is out of date. Until salt for bread is out of date and sleep for tired eyes is out of date and rest for wearied body is out of date. Until the love of a man for a maid and until the love of a maid for a man is out of date. Until then, and beyond then, will the Bible not be out of date.

We ask what another recently asked: “How long, O Lord, must Thy prose suffer from those who treat it as only poetry?

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How long, O Lord, must Thy words of truth, so real, so simply told in the natural and believable tones of truth, suffer from the incredible obtuseness of men who, at the dictates of their own prejudices, or who, intoxicated with pagan learning, turn them into myths and fables?”

“Lord, I believe.”

Though there are, I am sad to say, those who, in denial of the supernatural and the miraculous, close the garden where grief has found through the centuries its only final comfort, where the sinner has found through all generations his only Saviour, and where death has met through all ages the only destroyer, still will I say, even till “my poor, lisping, stammering tongue lies silent in the grave,” “Lord, I believe.”

“I still believe the good old Book!

In spite of all the critics say,  
And find in it a perennial brook,

When other streams have passed away,  
I still believe—

And in believing *life* receive.

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“I still believe the good old Book!

And tell the robbers to their face,  
They should have given, ere they took  
The old, a better in its place.

I still believe—

And in believing *grace* receive.

“I still believe! I know to some,

Belief is an old-fashioned thing.

By reason to the Truth they come,

And from brain soil would have it spring.

I still believe—

And in believing *Truth* receive.

“I still believe! although I hear

There's little left for faith to claim.

The unbeliever's joint, I fear,

Provides him nothing but the name,

I still believe—

And in believing *food* receive.

“I still believe that Jesus died!

That Jesus cleanses in His blood!

That saved ones shall be glorified,

And live beyond death's icy flood!

I still believe—

And in believing *heaven* receive!”

“Lord, I believe.”







# DATE DUE

OCT 21 1981

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PRINTED IN U.S.A.



BS680 .M5L47  
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